

Echoes and Other Poems

E. A. Wingard

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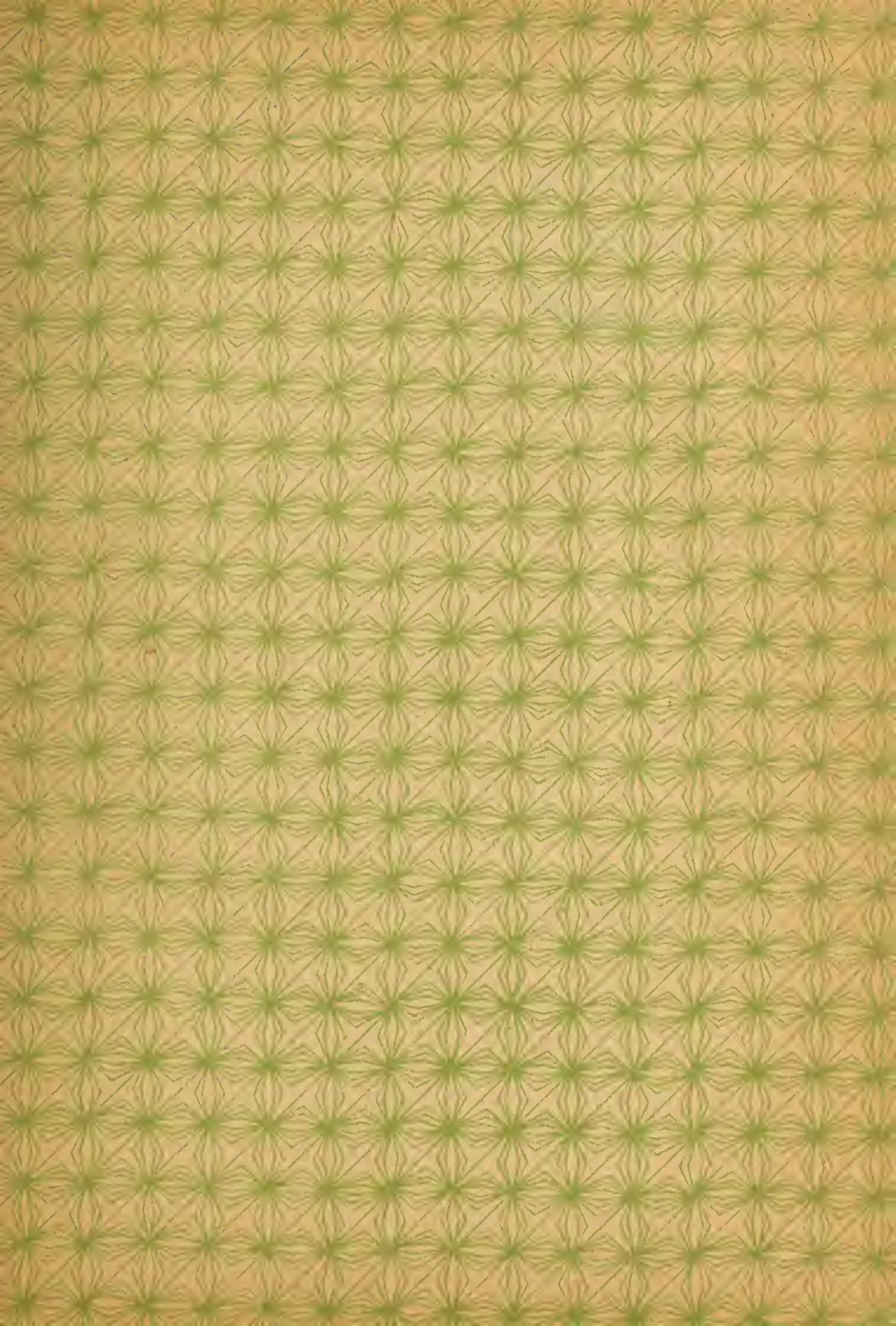
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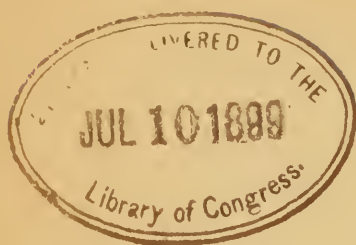
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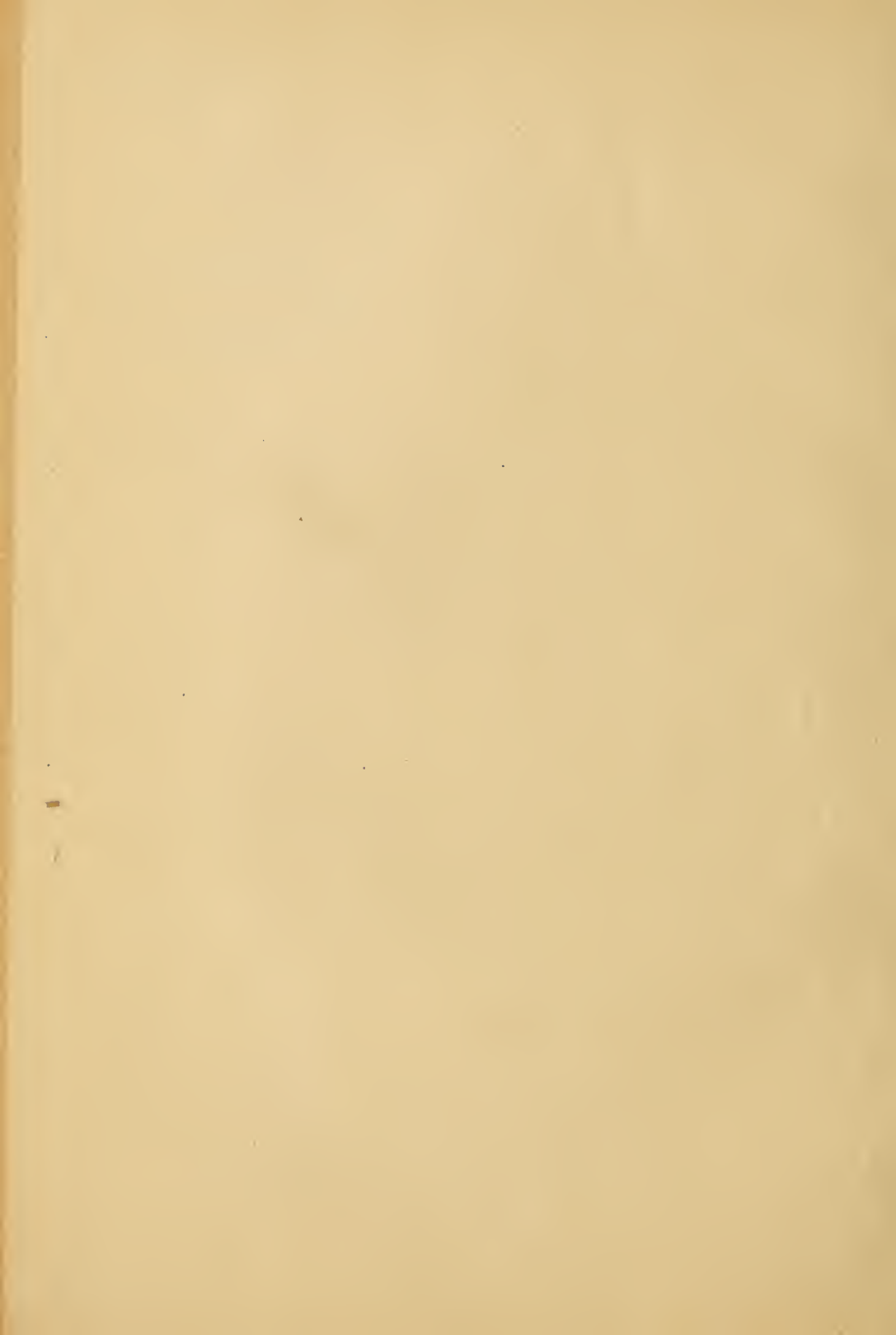
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Echoes

...AND...

Other Poems.

BY

Emmanuel
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COLUMBIA, S. C.

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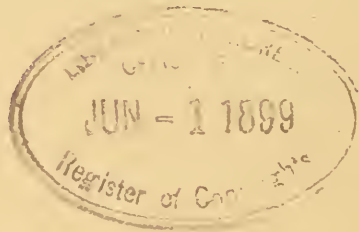
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Echoes.

I

I do not think a fairer clime
Was ever touched by summer air,
Or blushed in richer beauty fair,
Where roses bloom the live-long time;

Than this fair land, the Sunny South,
Where ev'ry gift of earthly bliss
Lies ambushed like a waiting kiss
In drooping curve of warm red mouth.

Not Land of Greece, where lapping waves
Sound low and sweet like siren song;
Where deep blue skies the whole day long
Make bright each bay where Venus laves.

Nor where the Adriatic Queen
Sits regnant on a hundred isles,
And sunset sprites with radiant smiles,
Mix golden light with silver sheen.

Nor that grand land whose heart is Rome,
Where nature holds in simple fee
The beauties of the land and sea,
And art is worshipped on her throne.

Nor sunny France, with vine clad hills,
Not famous more for vintage fine,
Than heroes brave, whose hearts red wine
Ran down their sides in living rills.

Nor yet the German Fatherland,
Where frowning fort, and castle gray,
Still speak of battles' stormy fray,
And treasures held with iron hand.

Nor England, barred with hawthorn hedge,
With princely home and quaint old town,
Where babbling brooklets bicker down
To drowsing lake through field and sedge.

Not one, like this fair land, can give
Such scenes to draw the heart and eye,
For whom 'twere sweeter far to die,
Than exiled from her beauties live.

So I in joust her colors wear,
For her I seek the knightly field;
I strike with point of lance each shield,
And cry my mistress is more fair.

And thus, 'gainst all who come, I stand
With dulcet rhyme and burning word,
Instead of spear and flashing sword,
To chant the praises of my land.

II

So vast and grand her wide estate,
That I perforce must choose one spot,
Where kindly fate has cast my lot,
And sing the old Palmetto State.

Her mountains with each mist crowned height,
And trailing robe of softest blue,
Catch from the skies their radiant hue,
And glow like jasper walls of light;

Her rivers winding to the sea
Through fertile vale and verdant mead,
And golden fields whose yellow seed
Mark years of plenty yet to be;

Her acres broad, where, soft and white,
Lie thick the flakes of summer snow,
The hum of spindles at our door,
And factories flaring in the night;

Her harbors held in clasping shores,
Where towns arise in thriving marts,
And countless ships, from distant parts,
Bring to our homes their gathered stores.

All these are but a portion small,
Of all her treasures rich and rare,
And all her scenes of beauty fair,
On which the roaming eye may fall.

Ah me! how sweet to climb her hills,
And hunt the rhodedendron's bloom;
Or breath the myrtle's rich perfume,
Which all her winding sea-coast fills.

Or sit beneath the jasmine's spray
Low hanging with its golden bells,
Which to the lover softly tells
Of happy chimes on some sweet day.

The swift-winged hours would pass too fleet
To paint each glen or grassy glade,
Where sunbeams netted through the shade
For weary feet make cool retreat.

III

There is a spot, which first seems bare,
Shut in by hills whose barren soil
Yield scant reward for honest toil,
Yet here for me are treasures rare.

The white sand banked like drifted snow,
Seems made for little feet to track;
Ah! how its whiteness takes me back
To happy scenes long years ago.

The rosemarine, with fragrant smell,
Grew here in clusters thick and round,
Its berries, scattered on the ground,
The robins gathered as they fell.

And here the live-long day we played,
The bare-foot boys and lassies fair;
And rollicked in the fresh pure air,
Till mothers wondered where we strayed.

We built our houses side by side,
And worked in mimic wedded bliss,
With merry heart and loving kiss,
Nor let a jar our plans divide.

We made the walls of rosemarine,
The floor of cleanest, whitest sand,
With bluest sky for ceiling grand,—
A fairer home was never seen.

Of food we had enough to spare,
The whortle bush with luscious crop;
And nuts the squirrels oft would drop,
We added to our bill of fare.

And sometimes, from the open burr,
We gathered pine mast rich and sweet,
Well fit we thought for kings to eat;
No empty store-room did we fear.

IV

I feel that I no longer share
My childhood's simple faith and trust,
For drifting clouds of earthly dust
Shut from my sight a father's care.

I wonder oft, half terrified,
If God will send me clothes to wear;
And if the Heavenly Father's care
For me and mine will food provide.

Yet, though my faith is weak and poor,
Full well I know, from day to day,
The very things for which I pray
Come all unnoticed to my door.

And so, through journeys dark and wild,
When sunlight dies from sky and land,
I know my Father's guiding hand
Will lead along his stumbling child.

V

In leafy covert, hid from sight,
A bubbling spring sprang clear and strong,
Whose waters sang a merry song,
And flashed with gleams of tangled light.

The mottled flowers, which hung o'erhead,
Seemed painted cups for elfin sprites
To wassail keep through summer nights,
When common folks are all abed.

How often did we stoop to drink,
As kneeling on the fern-fringed side,
We drank and drank till satisfied,
Yet lingered on the cool damp brink.

And in the limpid stream below
We launched our tiny ships of war,
Or built upon some sandy bar
A fort to sink the daring foe.

Or splashing through the waters cool,
We scurried up and down the stream;
And often fell, with laugh and scream,
Bedraggled in some deeper pool.

Then creeping back in sorry plight,
We knew that, when we reached our home,
Though words of sweet rebuke might come,
That mother's hand would set us right.

Oh! mother, dear, thy tender love
Has been an anchor true and strong
To keep my soul from drifting wrong,
When storm and darkness swept above.

If mother love would take me in,
And give me garments pure and white;
Then surely God will set me right,
And cleanse his child from stain of sin.

I know she held a rigid creed
Of coming wrath for sin and wrong,
That God with justice stern and strong
Would punish every sinful deed.

And, yet, somehow each tender kiss,
 She pressed upon my tear-stained face,
 Would seem a touch of that rich grace
God holds for prodigals in bliss.

And so I preach my mother's creed,
 Yet hold the love wrought in her life
 More potent far to calm the strife
Of sin, and fill the sinner's need.

There is no good in thought or word,
 Which from the sinful heart may spring,
 But in the years its sheaves will bring
To fill the granaries of God.

There is no feeling soft and kind,
 Though rocky ground lie thick above,
 But, still, will blossom into love,
And all its ripened fruitage find.

There is no hidden pure desire,
 That smoulders now in ashes gray,
 But, yet, in some far coming day
Will burst in flames of holy fire.

So I believe that through the night,
 Some guiding ray for each will shine,
 Up which the spark in man divine
Will mount to seek the Fount of Light.

VI

How strange the ever changing mood
Of this dear spot the whole year round,
- Now bursting bud, now frozen ground;
And yet the change was always good.

Bright spring, which seemed of love a part,
With tendril green and fragrant bloom,
The violet with its sweet perfume,
The rose with nectar in its heart.

When youth and maid would often stray,
Where Cupid, from his twanging string,
Would send a dart on flying wing,
And love would claim them as his prey.

I never thought the flowers so sweet,
I never saw the skies so blue,
I never knew a love more true,
Than each spring brought this fair retreat.

The summer with its full warm days,
The bending grain, the reaper's song,
And in the furrows straight and long,
The rustling blades of dark green maize.

The rain which poured in running rills,
The storm cloud with its heart of flame,
From which the flash of lightning came,
The thunder rolling through the hills.

The smiling sun, the shattered light,
 Thrown on the dark clouds rolling by
 God's bow of promise, hung on high,
To tell the world his love and might.

With scenes like these, the summer time
 Would never seem too long or dull,
 But with a hundred pleasures full,
That left no moments to repine.

And when the seeds, by sunbeams cast
 In hanging gardens in the air,
 Their bud and bloom began to bear,
I wished those days might always last.

For richer blending hues, I trow,
 No mortal eye did e'er behold,
 Than, when the poplar's yellow gold
Mixed with the red of maple bough.

Then, splashed with every shade of green,
 This rare kaleidoscope of dyes
 Would flash upon the autumn skies,
Like vision seen in orient dream.

If I believed that God could dote
 On any spot above the rest,
 It seems as if his hand had dressed
This place in very Joseph's coat.

Then winter, autumn's charms displaced,
And frozen rills could scarcely flow,
While every field was wrapped in snow,
And every tree in ice was cased.

And when the glorious sun would shine,
Apocalyptic visions gleamed,
And rays celestial flashed and beamed,
As from a presence all divine.

It looked like God o'er all the earth
Had trailed his wondrous robe of light,
While from each twig with lustre bright
Would flash a gem of priceless worth.

That city seen so long ago
By John from Patmos, bleak and bare,
I wonder was it still more fair,
Than all this handiwork of snow.

VII

If I could see no springtime flowers,
And catch no breath of balmy morn,
Nor hear the wild dove's plaintive horn,
Nor song of birds in fragrant bowers;

If I could walk no summer lands,
With luscious fruitage hanging thick,
For thirsty ones to come and pick,
And fill their anxious welcome hands;

Or, if I lived where autumn dyes
 Would never paint the hills at all,
 And weave their crimson golden pall,
Where sleeping nature restful lies;

If glancing ray of winter sun
 Would never light the drifted snow,
 And childhood's feet would never more
Upon its soft white carpet run;

It may be wrong, may God forgive !
 But I would rather linger here
 With all these things to me most dear,
Than in a heav'n so strange to live.

I think that Peter felt the truth,
 That saints in bliss would home-sick grow,
 Could they not come at times below,
And see the scenes of former youth !

And so, in mystic words I own,
 But clear and strong they seem to me,
 He teaches that this world will be
Renewed by fire, but still our home.

That city grand, of priceless worth,
 John saw descending from the sky,
 I feel returned no more on high,
But staid the home of Christ on earth.

VIII

And other playmates, too, I had,
The children of a swarthy race,
With ivory teeth and ebon face,
And hearts that seemed forever glad.

We swept the yard with nimble hand,
And in the oak leaves brown and dry
Would bury one with crooning cry,
While all the rest around would stand.

Till some sharp knock on window-pane
Would quickly raise the sleeping dead
From out the pleasant leafy bed,
And make us hie to work again

With bows cut from the whortle bush,
And arrows from the possum haw,
We waged a deadly Indian war
With every sparrow, jay, and thrush.

And yet, good sooth, to tell you true,
I do not think a bird we bagged,
Though, well I know, we loudly bragged,
That when we shot the feathers flew.

We drove the cows at early morn
To where the woodland grass was green,
Or where the scattered blades were seen
Amid the rows of stubble corn.

Then as the evening shadows fell,
 With prank and jest and mirthful mood,
 We hunted through the field and wood,
Until we heard the tinkling bell.

And, when we reached the wished for home,
 And barred the cows in cozy pen,
 The frogs were croaking in the fen,
While stars were peeping through the gloam.

We were like foster-brothers then,
 The black skin mated with the white
 To fish by day, and raid by night
The raccoon's haunt and possum's den.

And in the white washed quarters near
 Full many a toothsome feast we spread,
 Of possum roast and sweet pone bread,
While passed the hours in happy cheer.

The pick of tuneful banjo string,
 And jingle of the tambourine,
 With fall of feet like some machine,
Would make the rafters shake and ring.

So in a thousand Southern homes,
 And in a thousand Southern yards,
 The blacks were treated more as wards,
And fed with bread instead of stones.

Each just man knows this truth yet stands.
Our slaves, whatever else is said,
Were better clothed and housed and fed
Than freedom's serfs in other lands.

IX

I do not hold that all were kind,
And that no cruel wrong was done;
For well I know that there were some
Who marked with blood the fettered hind.

And on the block in anguish wild,
At times they crouched like beasts for sale,
And tearful prayers could not avail
To keep the mother with her child.

And even then I often thought,
That it was strange for God to damn
To woes like this the race of Ham,
For so I learned the Bible taught.

But He whose precious life-blood ran
From knotted scourge on cold grey rock
Was not behind the lash and block,
For Christ had come the Brother-man.

And He who came to free and save,
When all His mighty work was done,
Would never have a single one
Of all the human race a slave.

Ah ! well, thank God, those days are past,
And never, can I think again,
Will coming years bring back the stain
Long as this glorious land may last.

X

It may be called a social sin,
And, yet, the years together spent,
In some strange way our lives have blent,
In some strange way have made us kin.

And, though I hold the white man's blood
Should never mix with darker strain,
And Anglo-Saxon rule maintain,
Yet this I write in solemn mood:

That when a man with heart of stone,
Of brain and soul alike alack,
Wrongs one because his skin is black,
I feel like striking at my own.

Accursed be the cruel greed!
Which I have often seen of late,
That leaves the negro to his fate,
When he has served the white man's good.

When leaders who have sucked him dry,
And made him play the part of fool,
That they might use him as their tool,
Like cowards base will from him fly.

God help the negro race ! it stands
Between their own misled desire,
And Southern white men's growing ire,
With bended head, and helpless hands.

Think, white men, in a gone by day,
This black race guarded well the lives
Of tender babes and helpless wives,
While most of you were far away.

And now to snatch with fingers rude,
Their little rights because of might,
Although our skin be fair and white,
Is naught but black ingratitude.

Oh, brothers! if we thus will sow,
When sovereign wrath has reached its flood,
Our harvests shall be red with blood,
Our harvests shall be black with woe.

God's laws are trampled in the dust,
You raise the Anglo-Saxon cry,
"The white man here will rule or die !"
Then let the white man's rule be just !

XI

I yet was in my boyhood days,
When words of bitter, burning hate
Against the North rang through the State,
And men looked out with anxious gaze.

And rumors dark and fierce were rife,
While war clouds gathered thick o'er head,
And all the sky seemed crimsoned red
With angry flush of coming strife.

Nor can I e'er forget that day,
When booming from the distant sea,
The roar of cannon came to me,
Like muffled thunder far away.

And pulsing o'er our homes and lands,
Those deep low sounds so strangely fell;
It seemed as if a nation's knell
Was being rung by viewless hands.

And strong men stood with heart on fire,
And sinews tense as tempered steel;
As, if each moment would reveal
The lightning flash of long pent ire.

While women rushed the work to share,
With cheeks where roses blent with snow,
Now flushed with pride, now pale with woe,
And lips that mingled praise with prayer.

And standing there, with bated breath,
I saw my mother's pale white face,
Like that on which the limners trace
The thoughts of one who looked on death.

Then soon a people sprang to arms,
And through the South was heard the beat
Of tramping men with hurried feet,
In answer to the fierce alarms.

Then on a hundred camping grounds
Their white tents gleamed against the sky,
And bivouac fires flashed up on high,
While night was filled with martial sounds.

I only know they fought like men,
Who went to win their cause or die;
And now their names are written high
In glory's fane with burning pen.

I only know that, yet to-day,
When men would name as brave a band,
As ever fought for native land,
They name the men who wore the gray.

For history shows no grander page,
Where men for love of country died,
Than where our boys stood side by side,
And fought their foes with holy rage.

Ah! many went, but few returned,
In common grave sleep son and sire;
The South is but a sacred pyre,
Where freedom's holocaust was burned.

In nameless graves, without a stone
To tell who lie beneath, they rest;
And yet perhaps for right 'tis best,
That thus they sleep unkept, unknown.

What boots it now to pile their dust
In marble white with princely cost,
When that for which they fought is lost,
And might has barred their cause so just.

XII

I know not how I feel this hour,
It is not joy, the dead were dear;
And, with each swiftly passing year,
Their mem'ry holds a growing power.

It is not grief, no tears should fall,
Where valor won so fair renown,
And fame like theirs is handed down,
A priceless heritage for all.

'Tis more of hope on which I stand,
That fills me with this blessed thought,
That they and all for which they fought,
God holds within his mighty hand.

I know that God still rules on high,
While nations rise, and stand, or fall;
And that his hand is over all,
That truth and right shall never die.

Then sweet peace came with wings of snow,
Yet bitter mingled with the sweet,
For we had suffered sore defeat,
And black plumes nodded at our door.

For with the loss to all the same,
We had a burden of our own;
For two, who went from out our home,
Back through its portals never came.

One sleeps upon the battle marge,
With soldier cloak for martial shroud;
The other rests where comrades crowd,
And hold his dust a sacred charge.

Both, underneath Virginia's ground,
Await, in peace, the coming hour,
When, at the word of sov'reign power,
The final reveille will sound.

XIII

Then troubles followed thick and fast,
And we, who thought naught could divide,
Have now been scattered far and wide,
And all that happy life is past.

We left with hearts by anguish riv'n,
And some fell weary by the way,
While some are living still to-day—
I think the most are now in heav'n.

I sit with bending, throbbing head,
And aching heart, so full of pain,
That all of earthly life seems vain,
And think about my absent dead.

I bow beneath the chast'ning rod,
I know my loved ones are at rest,
And though I say, "His will is best,"
I feel I need them more than God.

It seems that God might let them stay,
He has so many in his fold,
And we at times but one to hold,
Yet, still, he takes the one away.

I do not say He is unkind,
And, yet, such hosts around His throne,
While we are left to walk alone;
What wonder that our faith grows blind!

XIV

Long, long ago, so I have read,
A pilgrim lone and sore dismayed,
Slept covered by the misty shade,
With stone as pillow for his head.

And in the glow of eastern night,
He saw a ladder strong and grand
Reach upward to that far off land,
Where springs the fount of living light.

Before his gaze in vision bright
On that strange stairway, up and down,
With shining robe and starry crown,
God's angels came and passed from sight.

And to his troubled soul was giv'n
The promise, that the Lord would guide,
And food and clothes for him provide;
So Bethel was the gate of heav'n.

And when he reached the land he sought,
He found the richest treasure trove;
He gained his Rachel and his love,
Though for this blessing long he wrought.

I left the home so dear to me,
On rocky ground I, too, have slept;
But, while the darkness round me crept,
No angel vision did I see.

Yet, still I felt that God was near,
And that sure promise Jacob had
Oft made my weary spirit glad,
And drove away each blackwinged fear.

Then guided by the same sweet might,
Which made me from my home remove,
I found my Rachel and my love;
So life has grown to noon-day bright.

I felt the unforgotten bliss,
Where hands caressing interlace,
And joy shines out in love-lit face,
While lips are pressed in ling'ring kiss.

Who notes the swiftly passing hours,
When lovers meet at tender eve;
And amours sweet but spotless weave,
For each a crown of fragrant flow'rs.

Ah! sweetest words, which God has lent
To human language from above,
The words in which we tell our love,
When life with life in one is blent.

In one, which nothing here may part;
I am no longer mine, but thine,
And thou art mine by right divine,
Which God has planted in the heart.

And then, as if to crown it all,
The children came our home to bless,
While little hands in soft caress
Upon the cheek would lightly fall.

The patter of their tramping feet,
The laughter of their childish glee,
Like sweetest music seemed to me,—
No life for us could be more sweet.

Our children, still, around us stay,
 Though some have grown to fair estate;
 I know not what ahead may wait,
Our cup of joy is full to-day.

And so, thank God! each coming year
 To us has brought a richer life,
 And every day, as man and wife,
Each to the other grows more dear.

In trusting faith, for God is kind,
 I pray, if, so His will be done,
 That, when the summons come for one,
The other stay not long behind.

For heav'n, I know, would be less fair,
 And hold less bliss than earth for me,
 Unless my wife could also be
With me each happy change to share.

Again I prate like foolish child
 Who strives to judge the ways of God,
 As, if he ruled with iron rod,
And not with scepter kind and mild.

His love, so oft misunderstood,
 That rocked us in our cradle bed,
 And all life's journey clothed and fed,
Will only seek his children's good.

What lies beyond the distant rim,
Where life's horizon seems to end,
And sea and sky together blend,
Is hidden from my vision dim.

I would not change them, if I could,
These things I cannot understand,
And, so, I leave them in God's hand,
And trust his changeless Fatherhood.

War Poems.

War Poems.

OUR DEAD OF THE MAINE.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

I

Down where the Cuban Land, matchless and fair,
Catches the breath of the soft Southern air,
Under the blue waves that lovingly lave
Heroes lie deep in an unavenged grave;
Under the sunbeams which silently fall,
Spreading above them a rich golden pall,
Never to walk on her proud decks again,
Murdered and torn are the dead of the Maine.

II

Not where the roar of the deep-throated gun
Flamed out its wrath through the battle smoke
dun,
Cheering Old Glory which waved up on high,
Facing the foe did our sailor-boys die—
Cowards, who dared not to meet them in fight,
Hurled them to death in the darkness of night,
Treacherous hounds through the deep shadows
crept,
Butchered them foully as peaceful they slept.

III

Strike for thy children, my own native land!
Strike, or thy honor forever is damned!
This must be met with the sword, not the pen,
Vengeance is God's, but his agents are men—
Blighted our manhood, and blasted our name,
All through the world will be ringing our shame;
What must we ask for the martyrs thus slain?
Freedom for Cuba, the price of the Maine.

IV

All through her valleys her rivers run red,
Thick on her hills are the graves of the dead,
Women are ravished, while children are slain,
Bleached lie their bones on each desolate plain,
Famine and pestilence over her brood,
God! how her children are crying for food,
Mothers sit starving, while little ones drain
Drop after drop of the life from each vein.

V

Mingle their woes with the vengeance which cries
Out from the depths where our battleship lies;
Dumb be the craven lips, crying for peace,
Let loose the war dogs, which strain at their leash,
Answer these demons with shot and with shell,
Think of the Maine, and each bullet will tell—
Only when Cuba forever is free,
Fully avenged will our martyred ones be.

VI

Better than marble shaft sculptured and grand
Pearl of the Antilles for them will stand,
Longer than medals of bronze and of gold
Free hearts the names of our heroes will hold;
All through the ages their glory will be
Cuba the Beautiful, Cuba the Free—
This be the monument raised to our slain
Murdered and torn on the decks of the Maine.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

I

Scarcely a year since the men of the Maine,
Heroes and martyrs, were butchered and slain,
Scarcely a year since the flash of their doom
Flared through the night, painting hell on the
 gloom;
Scarcely a year since the proud, stately bark
Sank where the billows yawned frightful and
 dark;
Scarcely a year, and the whole world may read
Lessons each nation should ponder and heed.

II

God! how the battle pulse throbbed in each vein,
Burning with hate for those demons of Spain;
How like the thunder that rolls in the sky,
Roaring in wrath, rose a proud nation's cry,

Calling for vengeance deep, calling for blood,
Sweeping along like a tide at its flood,
Bursting each dike that would dam up its path,
Smiting with death till it sated its wrath.

III

Shorn of her glory, and covered with shame
Never to rule and to ruin again,
Throttled and hurled from her throne in the west,
Made for all nations a by-word and jest;
Drunk with the blood which her fierce hands
 have shed,
Raised to her lips, bubbling, frothy, and red,
Spain lies all crushed in the wine-press she trod,
Trodden herself by the vengeance of God.

IV

Life sprang from death, and sweet liberty came,
Came as a gift from the dead of the Maine.
Long as time lasts will their memory stand
Graved in the heart of a free, glorious land.
Forged by their fate was the thunderbolt hurled;
Stung by their death was Old Glory unfurled.
Foul was their murder, and damning that deed,
All unavenged until Cuba was freed.

V

Statues of marble and brass may be reared,
Carved with the names and the deeds of the dead;
Story and verse may embody the fame

Won by the heroes who sank with the Maine.
Better than sculptured shaft, costly and grand,
Pearl of the Antilles for them will stand;
This for the ages their glory will be,
Cuba, the Beautiful, Cuba, the Free.

THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH.

I

You ask us where the South would stand
If war would start with Spain,
And battle clouds above our land
Would gather thick again;
If we would hold as comrades true
The men we met in fray,
If side by side with Northern blue
Would tramp the Southern gray?

II

The men who marched with Robert Lee
O'er fields of carnage red,
Who fought from mountain to the sea
Where old Joe Johnston led,
Still hold their honor pure and bright,
As in the long ago,
Nor could you keep them from the fight
Against a foreign foe.

III

These heroes grand beget their like
In sons of fighting sires,
From hearts of flint a blow will strike
The flames of warlike fires;
From crowded streets and quiet farms
A battle cry would raise
Ten thousand men, whose stalwart arms
A way through death would blaze.

IV

We fought you back in sixty-four,
Where valor lost its fight,
Now clasping hands the chasm o'er,
Our hearts with yours unite;
And by our dead we swear to you
That side by side we'll stand,
The Southern gray and Northern blue,
To save a bleeding land.

V

And when we charge where war's red jaws
Yawn like the caves of hell,
Above your stern and deep hurrahs
Will rise the rebel yell;
And where in thick of battle's fray
Old Glory proudly waves,
You there will see the boys in gray,
And find our Southern braves.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

(To the Southern boys in blue these lines are affectionately dedicated.)

I

Where the white tents pitched and guarded
Shimmer in the sunset glare,
And the tramp of marching squadrons
Mingles with the bugle's blare,
Where the flush of coming battles
Paints the sky with crimson hue,
Fondly, proudly rests our vision
On the boys who wear the blue.

II

Once we met the men who wore it
With a storm of leaden rain,
And we smote them in our fury
As the reaper smites the grain.
Then for years, long years of conflict,
With a courage tried and true,
Did we stem the charge and onset
Of the mighty hosts in blue.

III

But our ranks each day grew thinner,
Slowly did they melt away,
Till beside our conquered banners
Did we place our tattered grey.

God so willed it—strength and union
From our loss have sprung anew,
And to-day we look with kindness
On the boys who wear the blue.

IV

War has come with shout of battle,
And with flash of gleaming steel,
With the rifle's deadly rattle,
With the cannon's booming peal—
In our camps a band of heroes,
On our decks a gallant crew,
Southern boys are marching, drilling,
Proudly wearing now the blue.

V

Southern boy and gallant seaman,
First to die in battle's fray,
Ensign Bagley of the Winslow,
Hero of Cardenas Bay;
Let his name be told in story,
Deathless fame his rightful due,
Southern boy and gallant seaman,
Fighting, dying in the blue.

VI

With the stars and stripes above them,
Glory's guide, or Honor's shroud,

While our boys in blue go marching
Let us cheer them long and loud.
And from homes and hearts unnumbered
Prayers shall rise, both deep and true,
To the mighty God of battles
For the boys who wear the blue.

THE OLD CONFEDERATE JOE.

I

What a man was he for times like this
In that tangled death-swept glade,
Where the rifles spoke with wrathful hiss
From the deadly ambushade,
When the men in blue with laugh and cheer
From the hill-tops brushed the foe,
For the one who led their wild career
Was the Old Confederate Joe.

II

Ah, the nation's heart beats warm and right,
And its head is just and true,
When the gen'ral's stars flash golden light
From Joe Wheeler's coat of blue.
And his name is one that thrills to-day
Through the North and South, I know,
For the men swore strong in that red fray
On the Old Confederate Joe.

III

For there is no North, there is no South,
When their men charge side by side,
And drown the flame of the cannon's mouth
Like a rushing, mighty tide.
And the one who forged the chain so bright,
And who struck the welding blow,
On the links which now their hearts unite,
Was the Old Confederate Joe.

IV

There's a magic charm in Wheeler's name,
'Tis a nation's battle cry;
And it stands high up the roll of fame,
As a name that cannot die,
For the country now is one again.
There is North and South no more;
While the whole land has a loving claim
On the Old Confederate Joe.

HALIFAX WOOD.

(Halifax Wood joined the Confederate Army when he was 14 years old. He was division scout for Hoke's Command. In the May number of the *Confederate Veteran* you can read how he saved Richmond.)

I

I will tell you the tale of one who wore
The gray in the struggles of '64,

Of a daring deed and a dashing ride,
Which turned the current of war's red tide,
And kept a city and saved our land
For many a day from the captor's hand.

II

Though a hero grand, he was but a lad;
But a braver soldier the South ne'er had,
And among her warriors, true and good,
Is blazoned the name of Halifax Wood,
The herald avaunt of the coming fray;
As he rode in haste on each wild foray.

III

At Drury's Bluff, on the eve of the fight,
When Butler was turning the Southern right,
And the road to Richmond was almost won,
It was then that this gallant deed was done,
And Halifax Wood, from the Old North State
Snatched coming defeat from the hand of fate.

IV

He was told to dress in the Yankee blue,
And the enemy's lines to scurry through;
To ride like the wind to their general's tent,
To play the part of a courier sent,
And tell him that down on the river bank
The rebels were pressing his rear and flank.

V

Then away he sped, for his horse was fast,
And he knew each moment might be his last,
For short was the shrift of the captured spy,
But for country's sake he would gladly die;
So he saved our Richmond in time of need,
And the whole South rang with his daring deed.

VI

Ah! such were the boys that the old South bred,
When the tide of carnage was running red.
On the foot-sore march, in the battles brunt,
You would find our boys in the very front;
They would play with death in a winning race,
And would laugh as they trumped his well-
thrown ace.

VII

But we know that they have not passed away,
In the front of battle they fight to-day,
And they never will bring a blush of shame
To darken the lustre of Wood's fair fame;
For Bagsley and Hobson and Victor Blue
Still show that the blood of the South runs true.

DAY OF THANKSGIVING PRAYER.
JUBILATE DEO.

Praise be to Thee enthroned above !

Thou God of war, Thou God of peace !

To Thee whose rule shall never cease
We bring the tribute of our love.

Thy hand has planted in the West

This mighty Anglo-Saxon race;

Upon us shines Thy glorious face,
Of all the nations richest blest.

Upheld by Thee since days of old,

The freedom which our hands have won,

A heritage from sire to son,
Is ours to give as well as hold.

A people struggling to be free

Has called for aid, nor called in vain,

For them we draw the sword again,
And leave the issue, Lord! with Thee.

From off the seas our foes are swept,

Beneath the waves their sailors sleep,

Their shatter'd hulls lie fathoms deep,
And all our ships by Thee are kept.

Praise be to Thee! Thy power alone,

Upon each reeling flame-girt deck,

Did guard alike from shot and wreck,
And shield from bursting shell our own.

And on the land our men have fought,
And wreathed their names with glory bright;
For Thou hast let them win the fight,
And, yet, it has been dearly bought.

What though with victors' laurels crown'd,
Full many sleep beneath the sod
On which in battle wrath they trod,
But now their dust makes hallow'd ground.

Dear Lord! we mourn our gallant dead,
Our hearts and homes are sore bereft;
Yet still Thy gracious love is left—
On us Thy tender mercies shed.

Be with our men on sea and land
To shield them with omnipotence,
And let them find a sure defense
Within the hollow of Thy hand.

Great God! to Thee our hearts we raise,
Bid all this din of battles cease,
Uphold the right, bring blessed peace,
So unto Thee shall be our praise.

Elegiac Poems.

Elegiac Poems.

MOTHER.

Oft I find a mournful pleasure,
Not unmixed with grief and pain,
Thinking of the happy moments,
Which can never come again;
Moments, that, like angel faces,
Peep from out the days of yore,
Yet elude my anxious longings
With the cry of "never more".

But the golden days of childhood
Frame no brighter scene than this,
When my mother's lips were pressing
On my brow her loving kiss;
And I wondered when she taught me
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
If He were away in heaven,
How the Lord my soul could keep.

Ah! how well do I remember
Everything within her room,
Table, basket, chair, and bureau,
E'en the dear old-field straw broom,

Socks, her busy fingers darning,
Clothes, her tired hands must mend,
Always working, smiling, loving,
Till the weary day would end.

In that room she gently taught us,
Gave us all her loving care,
And, when evening shadows gathered,
Often did she kneel in prayer—
And I sometimes strangely fancy,
Now that she has gone away,
In that room I feel her presence,
Mother must be here to-day.

Sickness came, long years of suffering,
Slowly did she fade away;
And her face grew fairer, purer,
More unearthly every day;
Till at last, one Sabbath morning,
Smiling like she was at rest,
Did she die, and angels bore her
To the "mansions of the blest".

Mother's love, so rich and tender,
How its worth is multiplied
By the days of loss and sadness
That have come since mother died,
For the very joy and sweetness,
Which her presence gave our home,

Only makes the loss more bitter,
Now that we are left alone.

Though I know that she is happy
With the ransomed saints above;
Oh! how gladly would I purchase
Just one smile of mother's love,
Just one smile of sweet affection
Like the one she always wore,
Just one gentle word of kindness,
Just one kiss, if nothing more.

Yet we all may one day meet her
In a home more bright than this,
And our grief, and loss, and sadness
Be exchanged for perfect bliss—
Next to meeting Christ our Saviour,
Greater joy cannot be given,
Than to find that in those "mansions"
Will be Mother, Home, and Heaven.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY.
WINNIE DAVIS.

Slow toll the bells through the sad South to-day,
She who was born as a child of the Grey,
Born when the surge of battle's fierce fray
Swept through each breast,

Sleeps cold and still in the hush of the grave,
Guarded around by the dust of the brave—
Parties may wrangle, and factions may rave,
Peaceful her rest.

Born in the flush of a young nation's pride,
Born when the whole world we proudly defied,
Born in those times when the strongest were tried,
Cradled in wars.
Battle drums beating the call to the fight,
Sabre gleams flashing to left and to right,
Girding her round with a cordon of light,
Daughter of Mars.

Only a babe, when the boys in the grey
Kept through the long years their foemen at bay;
Crushed and outnumbered they melted away,
Each tattered line.
Then, with her sire, she stood for the right
Wrested away by the red hand of might,
And through the ages a halo of light
Round them will shine.

Jefferson Davis, the soldier and sage;
Highest his name on that war written page,
There it will flash through each swift coming age,
Telling to all,

How, though our banners were trailed in the dust,
Still the Lost Cause was the true and the just—
Spotless his honor, we hold it in trust,
 Never to fall.

All gone save honor; ah! God, how it cost;
Buried we sadly the cause which we lost,
Still in our hearts walks its white shrouded ghost,
 Living though dead,
And in the long years the day dawn will break,
Out of its sleep will the Lost Cause awake,
All that was true, which we then placed at stake,
 Lies yet ahead.

Winnie! how dear to the South is her name,
Whisper it low in the sweetest refrain,
Set it to music, and sing it again,
 Peerless her line,
Prouder her title than daughter of king,
Richer each year will its cadences ring,
Roses of love will the South ever bring
 Fresh to her shrine.

Soft as the flush that is left by the sun,
Pressed on the skies, when his day's work is done,
Lighting with glory a pathway well run,
 So does it seem,

Rays from her sunset of life softly come,
Leaving their light on each heart and each home,
Making the Southland, which calls her its own,
Bright with their sheen.

Let her sleep on where our dead heroes rest,
Once for a bulwark around her they pressed,
Now still on guard in their graves—it is best—
Hushed be all strife.

Bright stars above, with their sad, shining eyes,
Look down upon them from warm Southern skies,
Watching their dust, till God bid them arise
Back into life.

IN MEMORY OF DR. HOLLAND.

Two years ago, September 30th, 1895, the Rev. George W. Holland, D. D., President of Newberry College, departed this life. His last audible words were, "God bless Newberry College." The rapid increase of students, from 100 then to 158 now, from a Church which in this State numbers less than 10,000, attest the speedy answer to this prayer, and the remarkable fitness of his successor, President G. B. Cromer.

As a grateful offering of love, I would bring these humble words of song to the shrine of his memory:

"NOS MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS."

I

It seems an age ago since that fell day
When his grand life did breathe itself away;

It seems but yesterday, when round him thronged
All hearts, which, drawn by love, to him belonged;
So great our loss when of him quick bereft,
So fresh and green the mem'ry which he left.

II

We blame not fate, when hidden in God's will,
The anxious heart must silent be and still;
But, when its arrow, speeding from the dark,
Brings down with deadly aim such shining mark,
How can we grasp the good in all this pain,
Or bridge our loss with his eternal gain !

III

Raised from a noble work to high estate,
Though he is crowned, we cannot feel elate—
So felt we all the day that Holland died,
When through our State the news flashed far and
 wide;
But now we read, where then we could not spell,
That "He who ruleth doeth all things well".

IV

His life was like a prayer, a converse pure
With Him, whose answ'ring word is always sure;
His prayers, prevailing deeds with man and God,
Where wrestling conflict made him prince and lord.
So while he lived, his work our school upbore,
So dying, did his prayers avail her more.

V

"About to die," his heart salutes with love,
That massive pile which towers high above;
Those silent halls where he so long had taught,
Now light each hope, and fill each ardent thought.
"God bless this school," with earnest faith he
cries,
His work he leaves to God, and trusting dies.

VI

Thou man of God! thou counselor of youth!
Who led our sons to know and love the truth,
No glitt'ring gifts of golden, yellow ore.
No wisdom dug from mines of hidden lore,
Which coming years may offer at her shrine,
Will bless our college like this prayer of thine.

VII

The work goes on, the inspiration caught
By those who loved him when he lived and
taught,
That prayer sublime, which closed a well won
race,
Has raised up one most fit to take his place;
Each coming year a stronger witness gives
"His works still follow, he, though dead, yet
lives."

VIII

No marble shaft is needed where his dust
Awaits the resurrection of the just,
His noblest shrine stands in that college fair,
His grandest epitaph that final prayer,
Which like the sword of angel turns each way
To guard the true and drive the false away.

**A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.
MISS TILLMAN--REV. LEE.**

(In a summer outing on the Blue Ridge, Senator Tillman's daughter and Rev. Lee, Rector of the Episcopal Church of Abbeville, were killed by the same flash of lightning in a group of merry friends.)

In autumn days, when gold and crimson leaves
Are all aglow with captive sunbeams caught
From summer suns; the ripened fruit, whose birth
Came with the bud and bloom of early spring,
Drops mellowed in the lap of earth—for so
Has nature ordered since the world began.
So, too, when childhood's vernal, budding days,
And fragrant, blooming youth, have passed
away;
When life has grown to ripeness, and our days
Are in their sear, we, too, like fruit must fall.
'Tis nature's law that when the fields are ripe

Unto the harvest, then the sickle keen
Must gather in the grain.
But when the laughing babe dies ere it walks,
And, robed in white, less spotless than its own
Sweet life, is laid to rest in casket rare;
Or when some gentle maid, with beauteous face,
And graceful form, and higher gifts of mind,
And heart, is snatched away by death's rude
hand—

Death cruel seems.

'Twas but a day or two ago, when on
The brooding peace of happy homes there broke
A storm of grief; and on the sunny joys
Of happy hearts there fell a shadow dark;
Because of such untimely end as this.
High up among the grand and mighty hills,
Where God holds intercourse with Nature's
heart,

And tow'ring mountain peaks and bending sky
Together blend, and earth uplifted seems
To be the very borderland of heav'n,
There was a scene so harsh with all beside
That blinded human eyes could scarcely see
The tender face of love divine, which shone
Behind the dazzling flash of power so great.
Among a happy group on pleasure bent,
A joyous outing in the land of clouds,
Were two whom Fate had marked for sacrifice.

The one in manhood's prime, a faithful priest,
Who, strong and fervent, at the sacred desk,
Or in his parish walks, led Christ's own sheep
Through pastures green and by still waters cool.
The other was a maiden fair, beloved
By all who knew her; dowered richly with
Those gifts of mind and heart, which make the
crown

Of perfect womanhood, consecrated
At the altar of the Master's service;
With life, its duties grand, its rich rewards,
Its golden hopes, outspread before her gaze.
In joyous mood with mirthful laugh they went,
At peace with God and with the world around,
Drinking enjoyment deep from varied scenes,
When down the mountain side, on wings of death,
There swept a wrathful storm, and suddenly
From cloud-homes in the skies, the lightning fell
In splintered flames of shattered, quiv'ring light;
And, smiting with its breath the strong and
fair,

Dried up the fountains of their pure, young lives.
Never again shall he, God's servant, preach
The gracious Word of God to sinful man;
Nor at the consecrated font baptize
The little ones of Christ into His church;
Nor give the blessed eucharistic feast
As bread and drink, to hungry, fainting souls.

His work on earth for Christ is finished now;
His testimony sealed, and they, his flock,
Left to the wolves of sin, now sadly grieve
Because the Lord and Bishop of their souls
Should take the under-shepherd from the fold.
Never again shall she, whose budding life
Gave promise grand of such rich fruitage here,
Make bright the home on earth she fondly loved.
The greenness of the spring, the freshness cool
Of summer morning, and the ripeness sweet
Of autumn days, no more for her shall come.
This loss, so sad, we know not why it came;
But we shall know hereafter what it means—
God doeth all things well, and this we know:
That loss for us is oftentimes gain for those
Whom God, in tender mercy, gathers home.
For them the inland sea of life is passed,
Death's isthmus crossed and straight before them
 spreads
The endless ocean of eternal life,
All lighted with the glory of the Lord,
And making music as it breaks on these rough
 shores,
For them no whitening hair, nor pale, thin
 cheeks;
For them no wasted form, nor tot'ring steps.
From sin to perfect sinlessness; from faith
To sight; from weakness up to perfect strength;

From man to angel, and from prayer to song
They now have passed—forever with the Lord.
They look into His face, and flashing back
Its love, its light, its grace, are satisfied.

GONE HOME.

(To Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Wyman these lines in memory
of their loved daughter are affectionately inscribed.)

Gone home to dwell with God,
With garments undefiled;
To gaze into the Father's smiling face,
To know the fullness of His love and grace,
And hear Him say, "My child."

Gone home to be at peace
In God's own blessed home;
To lay the weary head upon His breast
And in the shelter of His arms to rest,
Where trouble cannot come.

Gone home to be with Christ,
Now crowned and glorified;
To see Him as He is, beyond compare,
His likeness and His heirship both to share,
Forever satisfied.

Gone home to die no more,
To walk with Him in light,
Who will His own to living fountains lead,
Where pastures green supply their ev'ry need,
And where there falls no night.

Gone home, where farewell tears
The eye shall never dim,
Where loved ones, gone before, expectant wait
For loved ones, still beyond the golden Gate,
To gladly enter in.

Gone home, who would not go?
Life's path is dark at best;
To live is Christ, and yet to die is gain,
To see Him, love Him, serve Him, with Him
reign,
To enter into rest.

IN MEMORIAM MRS. J. H. BARB.

There is one more passed from this world of care
To the land of Light above;
The angels have welcomed another saint
To their home of peace and love.
There is one more free from the sighs of earth,
Where praise is her blest employ;

There's a sower less in this life of tears—
Another to reap in joy.

There are pilgrims here, in this world of ours,
Too pure for its care and sin,
And the Golden Portals are "left ajar"
For their feet to enter in.

There are some we need for the Master's work;
But He takes them home to rest,
And the broken heart in its grief must learn
That the Saviour loved them best.

In the "many mansions" beyond the skies
The loved one is happy now,
With the radiant crown which the sinless wear
On her pure and sparkling brow.
Shall we weep that there she is safe with God,
Earth's labors and sorrows o'er?
Could we wish her back from the angel's home
And the shining spirit shore?

She has only passed from our selfish hearts
To the Saviour's loving breast;—
From the church below to the church above,
From her toils to peace and rest.
And we mourn her not as a loved one lost,
For they say that thus 'tis given,
We will know our own whom we loved on earth,
When we meet again in heav'n.

And, perchance, not long will the parting be,
For we cannot tell how soon
We will have to walk through the vale of Death,
Through its cold and silent gloom.
But the heart grows bright with the blessed
thought
That, within the Golden Gates,
There is one more saint in the white-robed throng
Our joyful coming waits.

Religious Poems
And Hymns.

Religious Poems and Hymns.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

DEATH MEANS LOSS.

Yes, the "Valley of the Shadow" is a valley
dark and drear,
With its many ghastly terrors that are flitting
everywhere,
E'en the promise, "I am with thee," or the
faith, "The Lord is nigh,"
Will not always keep from anguish when we
know that we must die.
For the light of glory streaming o'er the flood
that we must cross
Cannot hide the thoughts of parting, nor rebuke
the fear of loss;
For the love of earthly objects is a law divinely
given,
And the heart is full of sorrow when its ties are
being riven,
Though God be left.

All the beauty interwoven in the blue of star-lit
skies,

Where a thousand glances greet us from a thousand
 and sparkling eyes,
With the golden splendor gleaming from the
 pathway of the sun,
And the dust of ages flashing where his mighty
 course is run;
All the rosy clouds of morning, all the purple
 sunset hills,
And the breath of flowers mingling with the
 music of the rills,
Every joy which comes from travel, the companionship
 of books.
All the passing days which greet us with their
 ever-changing looks,
 Of all bereft.

Just when hope becomes fruition, and our dreams
 have turned to life,
And possession rich been garnered from the fields
 of toil and strife,
Just when life is at its fullest in the pulsing,
 throbbing heart,
And our love is at its strongest, it is then we
 must depart.
And the friends who gather round us with the
 children at our knee.
And the parents who have watched us with a
 love so full and free,

Yes, far dearer than all others, e'en the husband
and the wife,
In whose absence from our presence will go out
the light of life,
Must all be left.

DEATH MEANS GAIN.

Yes, the "Valley of the Shadow" has its earth
side dark and drear,
With its terrors all too fearful for the human
heart to bear;
But its doors are scarcely bolted to the light of
earthly love,
When its heavenward portals open to the glory
from above.
And when earthly friends are weeping, where
the body lifeless lies,
Then the angels greet us welcome to the Home
beyond the skies;
And to meet with Christ, the Saviour, in that
holy, happy place,
Oh! what tongue can tell the gladness when we
first behold His face.

Just beyond the darksome valley is the Home-
land of the King,
Where to founts of living waters all His ran-
somed He will bring;

Where through pastures green He leads them,
 where the flowers never die,
And will wipe the tears of sorrow from each
 weeping, tear-dimmed eye;
Where no grave will mar the beauty of the
 blooming fields of love,
And no storm clouds ever gather o'er the sun-
 lit skies above;
Where the friends of earth, here parted, in its
 light will meet at last,
And will sing in strains exultant, that the night
 of death is past.

We will be with Christ forever, in His everlast-
 ing home,
And will reign in glory with Him on His rain-
 bow-circled throne;
And to be with Christ is better than a paradise
 on earth,
Though each day, which flitted o'er us, still
 could give it added worth.
For I know if He would give me but the lowest
 seat of all,
I would kiss His feet with rapture, as before
 Him I would fall;
And one word, one glance of welcome, from my
 loving, gracious Lord,

Though I lived through endless ages, would
unending bliss afford.

Even here, as in a mirror, as we gaze upon the
Lord,

We are changed into His image by His Spirit
and His Word;

And the sleep of death is nothing to the joy
which shall abide

When we wake beyond its shadows in His like-
ness satisfied.

So my heart is ever thirsting in His presence to
appear,

Who, far dearer than His blessings, is Himself
to me most dear;

And the very fire of Heaven through my heart
would throb and burn,

If I could, for all He gave me, still a hundred-
fold return.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

I am only an elder brother,

Who has always stayed at home;

The younger, from father and mother

In a far-off land would roam.

He asked for the share of possessions

That would fall into his hands,

And wasted it all in transgressions
With strangers in foreign lands.

While his substance in riotous living
He lavished for lust and wine,
Till at last, from spending and giving,
He lived on the food of swine;
I have toiled and worked for my father,
And, instead of waste and crime,
I have labored to keep and gather
The wealth I thought would be mine.

But at last the one that was younger,
The shameful, prodigal son,
Just ready to perish with hunger,
Came back after all he had done.
Then our father ran out to meet him,
And his age did little reck;
And with kisses of love did greet him,
As he fell upon his neck.

For the rags where disease might linger,
He gave him a robe most rare,
And a ring was put on his finger;
Which a royal prince might wear.
Then he called in the friends and neighbors,
And they killed the fatted calf,
And I heard the music of tabors,
With many a merry laugh.

When I asked them, what meant this gladness,
And they said, the lost was found,
I was filled with anger and madness
At the festal scenes around;
For it seemed to me all this pleasure
Was a premium put on sin,
His guilt for his bliss was the measure,
So I would not enter in.

I gave to my father my labors,
Doing always as I was bid;
And to feast with my friends and neighbors,
He never gave me a kid.
But for him, the prodigal sinner,
All the house with mirth was filled;
And, instead of a kid for dinner,
Why, the fatted calf was killed.

So I spoke, as if thinking never,
That my father's love was mine;
But he said, "Thou art with me ever,
And all that I have is thine."
And, in kindness, his reasons giving,
He said, let our joy abound !
For thy brother, once dead, is living,
And my son, once lost, is found.

So, I think as an elder brother,
My lot is the best at last;

And I would not now be the other,
With his wretched, sinful past.
And I know, if I live forever,
Those words round my soul will twine,
"Oh ! my son, thou art with me ever,
And all that I have is thine."

JEHOVAH HYMNS.

I

Jehovah.

("I am that I am. Ex. iii: 14.)

Great God! how awful is thy name,
From everlasting still the same.
"I cannot change, I am the Lord,"
So hast Thou spoken in Thy Word.

The heavens above shall pass away,
And all things earthly must decay;
But yet we have this refuge sure,
That Thou forever shalt endure.

Thy name, O Lord! forever stands,
And Thy memorial through all lands;
Thy faithfulness can never fail,
For Thou, Jehovah, must prevail.

Though, but a creature of the dust,
Jehovah, Lord! Thou art my trust;
I have in Thee a fortress strong,
Thou art my strength, Thou art my song.

II

Jehovah Shalom.

("The Lord send peace." Judg. vi: 24.)

God of Peace! this word of love
Thou hast spoken from above,
That Thy care shall not depart,
Nor Thy kindness from my heart;
Here I would an altar raise,
And declare Thy wond'rous praise.

Christ has come, the Prince of Peace,
Let all sin and conflict cease!
Truth and mercy here have met,
What, O Lord, is lacking yet?
Peace and righteousness have kissed,
Who can now Thy love resist?

Send me peace, O blessed Lord!
Now I claim Thy promised word;
Peace of conscience I would crave,
Let me know Thy power to save;
From my heart each burden roll,
Send sweet peace unto my soul.

Lord, I would abide with Thee,
 On Life's dark and stormy sea;
 Rough the waves, the night is chill,
 Let me hear Thy "Peace be Still."
 May the peace of God unpriced
 Keep my heart and mind through Christ!

III

Jehovah Kophi.

Deut. xxxii: 39; Ps. ciii: 3; Lk. xv: 3-3; Hos. xix: 4;
 Ps. cxlvii: 3; Matt. iv: 24; Matt. ix: 21; Rev. vii: 17.
 ("I am the Lord that healeth thee." Ex. xv: 26.)

Lord, Thou art the God of healing,
 Strong to kill, or make alive;
 But for Thee, Thy grace revealing,
 Who Thy judgments could survive?
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,
 All diseases healed by Thee,
 With our chains of bondage riven,
 Thou from sin hath set us free.

Even when our feet did wander
 From the path of truth astray,
 Thou didst bring us back from danger
 To the strait and narrow way,
 Thou didst heal each sad backsliding,
 Thou didst bind the broken heart,
 That Thy grace in us abiding,
 We from Thee should not depart.

When on earth, oh! Lord of glory,
All their sick to Thee they brought;
And we read in Gospel story,
How Thy matchless mercy wrought—
Those that were possessed with devils,
Those tormented every hour,
Palsied, blind, whate'er their evils,
Thou didst heal them by Thy pow'r.
Great Physician! God of healing!
May we trust Thee all life's way!
With each touch of faith revealing,
That disease has fled away—
'Till at last by living waters
Thou shalt wipe each tear dimm'd eye,
And of all thy sons and daughters
None are sick and none shall die.

IV

Jehovah Tsidkenu.

I Cor. i: 36; II Cor. v: 21; I John ii: 1; Gal. iii: 13; I
Peter ii: 24; Rom. x: 4; Matt. vi: 33; Ps. lxxi: 16.

("The Lord Our Righteousness." Jer. 23: 6.)

Blessed Jesus! Lord divine!
All our righteousness is Thine,
In the Father's work of grace
Made to take the sinner's place,
Be as sin, that we might be
Righteous unto God in Thee.

Jesus, Thou the Righteous One!
Thou, the well beloved Son;
On the tree accursed of God,
Suff'ring death beneath His rod,
In Thy body hanging there,
Thou our sins and shame didst bare.

Dead to sin, from guilt set free,
May we righteous live in Thee!
Let us now on Thee believe,
And Thy righteousness receive!
Then all gifts of earthly bliss
Shall be added unto this.

So, O Lord! from day to day;
All along life's pilgrim way,
In Thy strength our feet will walk,
Of thy grace our lips will talk,
And in mingled praise and prayer
All Thy righteousness declare.

Jehovah Rohi.

Ps. xxiii; Ezek. xxxiv: 12-16; Is. xlv: 11; John x.
("The Lord is my Shepherd." Ps. xxiii: 1.)

I know I cannot want,
Whate'er my soul may need
Will come from Him whose tender love
His hungry sheep will feed.

The Lord my Shepherd is,
He leads through pastures green,
Where all the flock may eat and rest
Beside the quiet stream.

I know that I am safe,
For, if, some cloudy day,
I wander from the fold of grace,
He seeks the one astray.
The Lord my Shepherd is,
On mountains bleak and cold
He seeks the scattered sheep, and brings
Them safe into His fold.

I know that in His flock,
He guards the weak from harm;
And gathers up the little lambs
Within His mighty arm.
The Lord my Shepherd is,
The lost ones he will find,
Those driven off He brings again,
The broken he will bind.

I know that I am His,
I know my Shepherd's voice,
He knoweth me, and leads me home,
While angels glad rejoice.

The Lord my Shepherd is,
His life for me He gave,
And from the howling wolves of sin
My soul will ever save.

VI

Jehovah Nissi.

("The Lord my Banner." Ex. xvii: 18; Josh. v: 14; Ps. cxliv: 1; Is. lix: 19; Ps. cxviii: 14; Ps. lx: 12; John v: 4; Rom. viii: 37; Cant. ii: 4.)

Captain of the hosts of Heaven,
Teach our hands to war aright,
Give us strength through Thee to conquer,
Teach our fingers how to fight,
Lord, our Banner!
Rise in all Thy glorious might.

Like a flood, our foes come on us,
With their legions fierce and strong,
Lord, Thou art our full salvation,
Thou our strength and Thou our song.
Lord, our Banner!
These to Thee alone belong.

In the name of God our leader
We will raise our banners high,
Through the precious faith He gives us
We will conquer, though we die;
Lord, our Banner!
Help us, and our foes must fly.

Conquerors through the One that loved us,
Thus from strength to strength we move,
While his banner floating o'er us
Tells of His eternal love;
Lord, our Banner!
Sweet will be Thy peace above.

EMPTY HANDS.

Each day I work from morn till fading light,
And sow my seed far in the dewy night;
I sow in the furrows deep the upturned field,
And wait the harvest which it will not yield.
I sow in tears, yet all my work seems vain,
For I have gathered in no precious grain.

The richest gifts I give seem misapplied,
With even love from those I help denied;
While from the battlefield of daily strife
I only bring a maimed and broken life;
And failure, like a stone upon my heart,
Keeps me from going on to do my part.

And oft I pray the Master, who can bless
My work, "Lord, grant me now success,
Oh! let me reap one sheaf from fields I sow,
And I, Thy servant, then will ask no more."
But still I fail, and empty by my side
My hands hang down, and faith is sorely tried.

Sometimes I think that I the fight have won,
And dream of great achievements I have done,
Then in His sweet, approving smile I rest,
And feel the joy of one whom God hath blest.
I wake from sleep and still before me stands
The mocking vision of my empty hands.

FULL HANDS.

The Blessed One, who from the Father came,
Was not His disappointments here the same?
Betrayed by Judas to be crucified,
And by the faithless Peter thrice denied,
While, for His tender love, to Him they gave
A malefactor's death, a stranger's grave.

But all the highest good and joy since then,
Which through the weary years have come to men,
Came from that life by disappointments cross'd,
And from that work which seemed in failure lost;
And all the harvests of eternal years
Spring from the furrows where He sowed in tears.

And so He proves, if we are fit to stand
Within the circle of the martyr band,
Who bravely bore the consecrated cross
Amid the shadows of defeat and loss;
And, when His banner could not float on high,
Had it for shroud as fearless they would die.

Man judges by success, God by the heart,
And in His triumph each will have a part.
Much seed is living 'neath the frozen soil,
And each shall reap the fruit of all his toil.
There's not a prayer, or sigh, or work of love,
But helps some sinner to th' Home above.

Then sow thy seed upon the fruitful land,
In morn and evening hold not back thy hand,
And when God calls thee to the Resting Place,
He then shall wipe all tears from off thy face,
And, with thy weary hands so worn and rough,
Well filled, thou then wilt say, "Lord, 'tis
enough."

UNDER THE WAVES.

I

Where dangers lurk in the silent sea,
Far down in the darksome deep,
Where sea-weeds spring from the damp, cold lea,
And things that are loathsome creep;
The diver works in his ocean mine
To gather each precious gem,
Whose hidden lustre will one day shine
From a royal diadem.

II

So under the waves of pain and care
I work for the sake of Christ,
And hunt for gems of a beauty rare,
With a value all unpriced;
I work in the depths of sea-locked lands,
Where the shadows always frown
And tear from the rocks with bleeding hands
The pearls for my Master's crown.

III

But, happy thought, from my finished task
He will one day call to me,
And bid me come to my home at last,
Far off from the sounding sea;
And resting still in the blessed smile,
Which His love will then bestow,
Will more than pay for the little while
That I worked for Him below.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

No day without a night—
The sunbeams wrap themselves in slumber deep,
From out the mists the pale stars softly peep,
Until the Day King, waking from his sleep,
Gives to the world his light.

No flow'r without the rain—
The clouds must gather in their wrath and gloom,
And beating drops descend upon each bloom,
Before the winds can waft their rich perfume
Like incense o'er the plain.

No crown without a cross,
God's child, then, if His child, needs be His heir,
His heir, if we Christ's shame and suffering share,
His cross to carry and His crown to wear,
So glory comes from loss.

The golden ore that's wrought
In vessel for the Master's use made meet,
Must in the furnace glow with fervent heat,
And into shapely form with blows be beat
Ere to his table brought.

The sparkling gems, which shine
With lustre bright from kingly brow, must feel
The keenest edge of finest tempered steel
Before that peerless beauty they reveal,
Which makes them rare and fine.

So, too, in furnace hot
Our lives are cast, and God's own hand must strike,
And beat and weld the broken heart aright,
Ere it becomes a vessel pure and bright
Fit for its destined lot.

And so each grace we bring
Must feel the cutting touch of hand divine,
Before in royal splendor it may shine
Upon His brow, who, sprung from David's line,
Forever reigns as King.

Crown unto cross belongs—
However dark our lot, 'tis for the best,
For strife and labor change to peace and rest,
The couch of pain becomes the Father's breast,
And prayers are turned to songs.

EASTER PRAISES.

How can I in this Easter share?
My dead are hidden out of sight
Beneath the lilies pure and white;
Beside me is a vacant chair.

How can I kneel in church to-day,
Where joyful alleluias rise?
When from my side, beyond the skies,
The ones I love are far away.

And yet I know that while I weep,
The grave holds not my treasure fair,
Oh God! be thanked not here but there
He giveth His beloved sleep.

And while the swelling notes of praise
Float up through vault and fluted dome,
My loved ones in Our Father's Home,
Their joyful Easter anthems raise.

Why seek the living with the dead?
The dead are, but the living now,
I cannot tell, I know not how,
But yet they live with Christ, their head.

Sweet Easter day, bright Easter day,
Thy praises bring me holy cheer;
Thank God for loved ones who are here,
Thank God for loved ones far away.

MY CHRISTMAS GUEST.

I cannot tell how it has grown,
Or where it first began to bloom;
But this I know, its rich perfume
Around my path is always thrown.

It may be in some gone-by time,
When standing at my mother's knee,
That as a child it came to me,
Part of the faith which now is mine.

Or yet, perchance, in some bright dream
It dropped from out the storied past,
Like seed upon the dull earth cast,
And now the harvest rich I glean.

So I believe, that with each day
That marks the blessed Christmas morn
When Christ, the Holy Child, was born
On Juda's hills so far away.

He comes again in sweet disguise,
And fills with bliss some humble home;
But only makes His presence known
In leaving by some glad surprise.

Ah! if I knew where, full of grace,
My Lord this year would come as guest,
My weary feet would never rest
Until I reached that holy place.

And sweeter still the thought to me,
If mine should be the home this year
That would receive His presence dear,
How blest all after life would be!

Oh! how with expectation sweet
Would I, with Martha's busy care,
My lowly home for him prepare,
Then sit like Mary at His feet.

But well I know He will not stay
Where aught of sin has entered in,
He stands without and hears the din,
Then sadly turns His feet away.

And in that home each heart must feel
For each the purest love in peace,
And all of hate and strife must cease
Ere He His presence will reveal.

And where His poor are all forgot,
When only for our own we care,
Nor think of how the needy fare,
The blessed Master enters not.

Dear Lord my heart is dark with fear,
My home is unprepared for Thee,
I feel the joy is not for me
That Thou shouldst be my guest this year.

But still perhaps one of Thy poor,
Some suffering one, some child of Thine,
May be relieved by me and mine,
And enter welcome through my door.

And in Thy gracious Word I see
When such is done in Jesus' name,
That in Thy love it is the same
As if the deed were done to Thee !

And so at last I may be blest,
The Lord may come in sweet disguise,
And fill my home with glad surprise.
And Christ Himself may be my Guest.

CHRISTMAS.

LONG AGO.

It was long ago that the angels sang
To shepherds who watched their fold,
And the lowly hills of Judea rang
With songs that are never old.
When they told of a Saviour born that day
In the town of Bethlehem,
Of the manger bed where the Christ-child lay,
Who came as the Lord of men.

And the mighty dome of the vaulted sky
Their rapturous songs did fill,
As they sang of glory to God on high,
And to all on earth good will.
Then the wise men came with their strange, glad
news,
Like guests to a royal feast,
Saying, "Where is He, the King of the Jews,
Whose star we saw in the east?"

By its radiant light divinely led,
They brought Him offerings meet;
And worshipped Him then in His manger bed
With their gold and incense sweet.
They gave Him the gifts of loving hearts,
And the gifts of loving hands;
They had labored to gain in distant marts,
And brought from their native lands.

CHRISTMAS NOW.

In the quiet hush of this Christmas night,
The song of the angel band
Seems wafted down on the tremulous light,
That shines from the heavenly land.
As we join our notes to the angels' strains,
They sang in the "Long Ago";
As the songs, which rang o'er Judea's plains,
Ring now as they did before.

Let us bury our strifes in love to God,
And let peace our bosoms fill,
And giving ourselves to the blessed Lord,
To each other give good will.
As the wise men brought to the infant King
Their gifts with their prayers and praise,
Let us our richest offerings bring
With the songs of love we raise.

As hungry, as needy, as sick, as poor,
Or stranger in sorest need,
He is not on earth as in days of yore,
How then can we do this deed?
There are men and women in want to-night,
And children who cry for bread.
There are homes where is neither warmth nor
light,
And hearts that are filled with dread.

In His name let us seek each needy one,
And to them His offerings bring;
For such deeds of love to His poor thus done
Are done unto Christ our King.
So, during the whole of the Christmas-tide,
With His love we will be blest,
And ent'ring our homes, He will there abide
Forever a loving guest.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS JOY.

How shall we keep Christmas day
Now our Lord is far away,
And no star can guide our feet
Where we can the Christ-child meet?
While our Christmas carols ring
Where shall we our presents bring?

For the Saviour crowned above;
How express our heartfelt love?

Where He once was wont to be—
On the shores of Gallilee;
Where its blue waves rose and fell
With the softest, lightest swell;
On the mountains, cedar-crown'd
Where in prayer He oft' was found;
Never where He used to teach,
Can we now our Master reach?

By the Jordan's rushing tide,
Where at times He would abide;
In the home where Mary dwelt,
And His richest love was felt;
Underneath the olive trees,
Fanned by every passing breeze;
Arched by Juda's purple skies,
Never will He greet our eyes.

He who reigned as Lord and King
Where the angels praise and sing,
Left His shining throne on high,
Came to earth as man to die.
Born a babe in manger-bed,
Where the lowly cattle fed;
Gave His life a gift for all
Who obey his loving call.

Shall we then our gifts withhold,
Use for self our hoarded gold;
Keep our Christmas feast at home,
Seeking only for our own?
Rather let us gladly share
With each needy child of care.
Though our Lord is King again,
Still His poor with us remain.

In the light of Jesus' face
Giving is the test of grace.
He who has and will not give,
Only breathes—he does not live.
To our Lord enthroned above,
We can best reveal our love,
Best express our gratitude
In the joy of doing good.

“FEED MY LAMBS.”

Lovest thou me? disciple of mine,
Asked the Lord of him who denied;
Master, thou knowest my love is thine,
This was the way that he replied.
“Feed thou my lambs,” and thus thou wilt show
Why I came from my home above.
“Feed thou my lambs,” and the world will know
What are the depth's of Simon's love.

Feeding the tender lambs of the flock,
Leading them on through pastures green,
Lifting the weak ones over each rock,
Bearing them safe across each stream,
Letting them rest in the cooling shade,
Down by the waters clear and still,
Seeking the lost that afar have strayed,
Guarding them all from harm and ill.

Such is the labor, O, Blessed One,
Which we would do for Thee each day;
Waiting to hear from Thy lips, "well done,"
When we are called from earth away.
Feeding Thy lambs, that the world may know,
Why Thou hast come from Heav'n above,
Feeding Thy lambs, that thus we may show
What is the measure of our love.

ALMOST HOME.

(Written at fourteen.)

Almost anchor'd ! Life's rough journey
Shortly now will all be o'er;
Unseen hands the sails are furling—
Soon I'll reach the heavenly shore.
Almost home ! How sweet it soundeth
To the heart that's worn with care,

For it knoweth pain and sorrow
Never more shall cross it there.

Almost there ! Though storms may gather
And the clouds grow dark above,
Brightly shining through their breakings
Beams my dying Saviour's love.

Every moment as it passeth,
Only leaves one less to come;
And each wave that round me dasheth,
Only bears me nearer home.

Hark ! Like notes of music, stealing
In their silv'ry tide along,
Loudly swelling, softly dying,
Through the howlings of the storm,
Angels' voices sweetly whispering,
To the list'ning ear are borne,
Floating o'er the raging billows,
"Welcome, weary pilgrim, home."

Brothers, look ! I see the Haven
Where I soon shall calmly rest;
And no wave of care doth ripple
O'er its smooth and peaceful breast.
To that Port my vessel tendeth;
On life's sea I'll no more roam;
Spirits bright are all around me—
Fare the well—I'm almost home !

AN EASTER HYMN.

("They washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lord."—Rev. 3: 14.)

Who are these in robes of white,
Standing round about the throne,
While the Lamb in glory bright
Calls and crowns them as His own?
Crimson once, as white as snow
Now they stand a shining throng,
And their happy praises flow,
As they sing their Easter song.
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
All exalted be His name!
Every saint His name shall bless,
And His rule each tongue confess.

("They overcame by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 2: 11.)

Slaves of sin they were below,
But they felt the precious flood,
Which from Calv'ry's cross did flow,
And they conquered by the blood.
Now as victors, crowned with gold,
With the Lamb they live and reign,
Safe forever in His fold,
Hark! to their exultant strain.
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
All exalted be His name!

Every saint His name shall bless,
And His rule each tongue confess.

(“These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever
He goeth.”—Rev. 14: 4.)

Ready at His least command,
Counting not the shame or woe,
Would they answer to the Lamb,
Where ‘Thou goest we will go;
Now, amid those pastures green,
On immortal joys they feed,
And they sing by Life’s pure stream,
Whereso’er the Lamb doth lead.
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
All exalted be His name !
Every saint His name shall bless,
And His rule each tongue confess.

(“The Lamb is the light thereof.”—Rev. 21: 23.)

In that holy city bright,
Neither sun nor moon doth shine,
For the Lamb, He is its light,
With His radiant form divine.
In His light His servants walk,
Cast their crowns beneath His feet,
Of His glorious death they talk,
And in sweetest song repeat.
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
All exalted be His name !

Every saint His name shall bless,
And His rule each tongue confess.

EASTER HYMN.

("Christ Our Lord is risen to-day.")

From the Cross where Jesus died,
Where our Lord was crucified,
Come we now, with bleeding heart,
To perform love's last sad part,
To His grave with spices sweet,
Thus to give Him burial meet.

Yet we thought Him strong to save,
But they laid Him in the grave,
Sealed the stone, and set a guard,
Lest His tomb might be unbarred;
And with trembling lips we say,
Who will roll the stone away.

Ah ! what means this glad surprise,
Joy and hope within us rise,
Open doors and empty grave—
He hath shown his power to save;
Let His Church exultant, say,
Christ our Lord is risen to-day !

Ye by sorrow all oppressed,
Heavy laden, seeking rest,
Let your anxious cares be gone,
All your conflicts now are won,—
For the stone is rolled away,
Christ our Lord is risen to-day.

Ye who would his mercy crave,
Doubt no more his power to save,
All your guilt was on Him laid,
And the mighty debt is paid,—
For the stone is rolled away,
Christ our Lord is risen to-day.

Ye who fear a dying bed,
Or who mourn for loved ones dead,
Joyful Easter praises bring,
Death is vanquished, Christ is King,—
For the stone is rolled away,
Christ our Lord is risen to-day.

WATCH AND PRAY.

(Matt. 26: 36-46.)

Far from the sinful world's highway
The Saviour goes apart to pray,
And leading on the chosen three,
He bids them sadly, "watch with me."

Amazing sight, He kneels in prayer
For grace His heavy load to bear,
And rising from His sorrows deep,
He comes and finds His friends asleep.

How dull their love ! how weak their power !
Not able e'en to watch an hour,
They rest while He has sore amaze,
And slumber while the Master prays !

Ah ! sleep on now ! the work is done,
For all is lost, His hour is come,
Rise ! guard Him with a loving band,
For lo ! the traitor is at hand.

Dear Christ ! how weak Thy saints at best,
While we should watch with Thee, we rest;
And wrapt in slumbers fell and deep,
We, like the three Apostles, sleep.

Come, Lord ! and touch our fast closed eyes,
And let us hear Thy word "arise",
Lest judgment shall our slumbers break,
And Death's stern voice bid us "awake".

For though the past for us is gone,
The future yet may be our own,
Though short the time we yet may live,
That time to Thee we still can give.

EPISTLE FOR THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Son of Man and Son of God!
Christ our Lord was crucified,
By the law's avenging rod,
Stricken, smitten, lo! he died!
Saviour, may our carnal mind
Thus upon thy cross be laid,
Sin destroyed, and hearts refined,
May we like to Thee be made!

Son of Man and Son of God!
In the quiet grave He slept,
Underneath the silent sod,
By His Father watched and kept.
Buried with Him, dead with Christ,
In the likeness of His death,
By baptismal grace unpriced,
May we feel his quick'ning breath!

Son of Man and Son of God!
Back the grave its victim gives.
Death is conquered, Christ is Lord.
To the Father now he lives.
Jesus, Saviour! like to Thee,
By the Father's glory raised,
Let us walk forever free,
Let thy love be ever praised.

GOSPEL FOR TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

“Be opened!” and the stammering tongue
Its silent slumbers broke;
“Be opened!” and the lips long dumb
With trembling pleasure spoke.
And like the notes of some sweet strain
There grateful praises swell;
While loving hearts with joy proclaim,
He doeth all things well.

“Be opened!” and the heart in sin
Its door throws open wide,
And lets the blessed Saviour in
Forever to abide;
While sinners saved, a countless throng
The wond’rous story tell,
And shout aloud the same sweet song,
He doeth all things well.

“Be opened!” and the grave at last
Yields to the “King of Kings”,
And to their home, all dangers past,
His ransomed saints He brings;
And round His throne they stand and sing,
He vanquished death and hell,
While sweeter yet His praises ring,
He doeth all things well.

GOSPEL FOR THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Love thou thy neighbor as thyself,
Dear Lord, is Thy command,
But teach me who my neighbor is
In all this wide-spread land.

Ah! from Thy blessed Word I find
Wherever there is care,
Or woes to heal, or wounds to bind,
My neighbor, Lord, is there.

A wounded man by thieves was left
Upon the road to die,
When priest and Levite came along,
And quickly passed him by:

But one whose heart was filled with love,
Though under Jewish ban,
Who kindly brought him to an inn,
Was neighbor to the man.

Yet still a deeper truth the soul
Can gather from this page—
A truth which fills each life with light,
And beautifies each age.

That man thus beaten sore by thieves,
And left in want to die,
Whom neither law nor form could save—
That wounded man was I.

And he who brought me to an inn,
And did my wants attend,
Was Thou, who loved me as Thyself,
My Saviour, Brother, Friend!

GOSPEL FOR FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

The volume of our lives should teach
Thy mercies, Lord, in grateful speech;
From childhood's hours to hoary age
Thy goodness shines on every page.

In swift relief from sore distress,
In joys too countless to express,
At every time, in every place,
We see and feel Thy wond'rous grace.

And in Thy Church that heav'nly plan,
Devised by Thee for sinful man,
Thy power, and truth, and presence dwell
To save from sin, and death, and hell.

Oh! base return, but one of ten,
Among the guilty sons of men,
Bring thanks for all this grace divine;
And still Thy love asks for the nine.

Where are the nine? who thus can live,
Who all receive, and nothing give,—
Ah! dearest Lord, their shameful crime
Belongs to us, we are the nine.

With contrite hearts our sins we own,
And bending low before Thy throne,
To Thee our grateful song we raise,
And to Thy name give all the praise.

**GOSPEL FOR FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.**

Cease my soul this idle sorrow,
And this over-anxious care;
Take no vain thoughts for the morrow,
And the wants to meet thee there,
All thy care, how much abounding,
Cannot make a sure defense
From the ills thy path surrounding,
Leave them to Omnipotence.

For the life He has created,
Must be greater than the meat,
And His power is not abated,
He will give thee bread to eat.
Fashioned for such high attainment,
Such a glorious life to share,
Know thy body's more than raiment,
He will give thee clothes to wear.

E'en the little sparrow teacheth
From His sight no want can pass,
And the tender lily preacheth
God doth clothe the fading grass.
One that tilleth not the soil
Day by day hath its supplies,
And the other without toil
Hath its robes of richest dyes.
If God's hand so feeds the raven,
And so clothes the lily fair,
He will keep thee, oh! thou craven,
Small in faith and weak in prayer.
Seek thou first His kingdom holy,
And His perfect righteousness,
And to thee thus meek and lowly
Shall be added food and dress.

**GOSPEL FOR SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.**

When loved ones die, and earthly solace ends,
Dear pitying Christ, Thou art the best of friends;
Thou standest by the bed as life departs,
And saith, Weep not, unto our aching hearts.
When from the gates of Nain went forth the dead,
The widow's son, borne to his silent bed,
Thy voice of love didst dry her weeping eyes,
And speak the gracious words, Young man, arise.

Then was declared Thy matchless might to save,
To snatch its victim from the conquered grave,
To change death's darkness into life's bright rays,
And earth's deep sorrow into songs of praise.

O blessed One, we wait the coming hour
When through death's realms shall thrill Thy
word of power,
And hallelujahs swell, with loud acclaim,
From countless millions brought to life again.

Thou Christ of God! speed on the glorious time,
So long desired in every age and clime,
When from the dust Thy children shall arise,
To meet their Lord triumphant in the skies.

**GOSPEL FOR SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.**

Oh! sacred day of peace and joy,
By the Redeemer blest,
Freed from the cares which here annoy,
May we in Thee find rest!

Thy blessed hours were made for man,
To satisfy his needs,
And he best keeps the Master's plan,
Who doeth living deeds.

The old Sabbatic law is past,
Its shadows all are fled,
The Body, which alone can last,
Is Christ our Risen Head.

And all His saints in Him made free,
Who have the Saviour's mind,
"Lords of the Sabbath" they shall be
When love, not law, doth bind.

For all their days to Him they give,
They serve not one, but seven,
And thus, while yet on earth they live,
They share the rest of Heaven.

GOSPEL FOR EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

God of the Universe, source of creation!
Angel and archangel sing of Thy love,
Chanting Thy praises in wrapt adoration,
Filling with music high Heaven above:
Gladly they stand and sing,
Grandly their anthems ring,
Love unto Thee.
Sending their notes sublime,
Down to the realms of time,
All through eternity.

Lord of the life of men, source of salvation!

We on Thy footstool would swell the same song,
Sung by each ransomed saint, caught by each
nation,

Oh! how the melody rushes along—

Highest command of Heaven,

Greatest to mortals given,

Love unto Thee,

Here may our hearts unite,

Here may we find delight,

All through eternity.

Sweet will the service be, rich the communion,

Peace with her white wings will brood o'er us
then,

Souls in one brotherhood, lands in one union,

All through the world will be love unto men,

Pure as the gentle dove,

Bright as its source above,

Love unto Thee,

Reaching to all below,

Strong as for self shall flow,

All through eternity.

GOSPEL FOR NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Dark, dark and chill the way, I cannot see the
light,
The shadows quickly deepen, all around seems
night,
While pain and anguish come, and life is full of
woes,
And yet of all my grief the Great Physician
knows.

Thou healeth all diseases! swift the darkness
flies,
And sweetest sunshine streams into the sightless
eyes,
The deaf man hears, the dumb lips break their
chain,
And he, who once was dead, comes back to life
again.

O Christ! to Thee I come, on Thee my soul would
call,
Thy loving eyes look down and see each sparrow
fall,
To Thee I flee for refuge like the wounded
heart,
Speak but the word, and bid these ills of life
depart.

And darker still the way! for I am all defiled,
Dear Saviour, look with pity on thy erring child,
For countless are my sins, and all around they
 crowd,
While each for death and wrathful judgment cries
 aloud.

Thou healeth all diseases! Thou forgiveth sin!
And cleanseth contrite ones, alike without,
 within,
And in Thy blessed Word no sweeter truth doth
 live,
The "Son of Man" on earth hath power to for-
 give.

Far dearer to my heart than all the wealth of
 time,
To know in life or death that I am wholly
 Thine,
And Thou art wholly mine, my Lord, my Life,
 my Love,
My sole delight on earth, my only joy above.

GOSPEL FOR TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Thee we hail Thou King most holy!
For Thy wond'rous love divine
Did not bring salvation solely
To the sons of Jacob's line;

Unto us a Lord is given,
Unto us a Saviour born,
And for us this feast from Heaven
Which the Jews despised with scorn.

Loud and free the invitation
Sounds abroad o'er land and sea,
Come and share this great salvation
Which thy King prepared for thee—
And the wedding guests are bidden,
All alike unto the board,
From the paths and highways hidden,
To the marriage of their Lord.

Lo! a silence, all unbroken,
Falls upon the mirth and din,
Not a single word is spoken,
For the King has entered in.
While He stands in royal splendor,
Each His piercing glances bears,
And He sees a great offender,
Who no wedding garment wears.

"Take and bind," the fell words blast him,
And he stands in silence pale,
"Into outer darkness cast him,
Where the wicked gnash and wail."

Save Lord! from his condemnation,
And the place where he has gone,
May we all in full salvation,
Have our wedding garments on!

GOSPEL FOR TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Mysterious are the fruits of sin
In all of Adam's race,
And in the deadly ills they bring
The wrath of God we trace.

Diseases fell to all must come,
Exemption none can buy,
Death seeks in cot and palace home
The lowly and the high.

Yet though no human aid avails,
This blessed gospel sounds
That where the power of sin prevails
God's grace much more abounds.

Like one of old, in sore despair,
To Thee, dear Lord, we fly,
And murmur low the same sad prayer,
Come ere our loved ones die.

And quick the answer from above
The same sweet promise gives,
In tender words of helpful love,
Weep not, thy dear one lives.

For all Thy gifts so rich and free,
Which daily we receive,
Oh! may we give our hearts to Thee,
And all our house believe!

GOSPEL FOR TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

What priceless love! what grace divine!
That when in debt to Thee,
The debt was pardoned, we received
Forgiveness full and free.

A debt we never could have paid,
Against Thy law's demands,
Could we have served Thee all our days
With head and heart and hands.

Since we have been forgiven all,
When those with whom we live
Offend against us, tell us Lord,
How oft shall we forgive?

Thy blessed Word the truth imparts,
For there we read within,
“Forgive our sins as we forgive
Those who against us sin.”

That mercy which we need from Thee
May we to others show,
And freely pardon all the debts
Which they to us may owe.

GOSPEL FOR TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

While we bring to Cæsar tribute,
While we pay their dues to all,
While we give the needful custom,
Lest the power of State should fall;
Let us still in love remember
Him who is our rightful Lord,
Bringing from our hoarded riches
All that should belong to God.

But, alas! the shameful story,
Which we read in deeds too rife,
That we give to all above us,
Save the Lord of light and life—

Home, and State, and social customs
Have their claims—to all we give,
Keeping only wasted fragments
For the One by whom we live.

Dearest Master! may Thy spirit
Stir in us remembrance sweet,
That we each may find his pleasure,
Bringing treasures to Thy feet;
And for Him who gave our ransom,
In His death upon the cross,
May we count our riches nothing,
And our gold but sordid dross.

GOSPEL FOR TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Sweetest lesson, Lord, to me,
In this Gospel wrote of Thee,
Is not all Thy power displayed
For the little Jewish maid,
In life's gift to one who dies
By Thy simple word "arise".

Sweeter far to learn that Thou,
Passing on with anxious brow,
In the crowds that round Thee press,
Knows each weary heart's distress,

And can recognize as then
Faith's touch on Thy garment's hem.

Doubting still, yet not afraid,
Sore cast down, but not dismayed,
Trembling lest I ask too much,
Still Thy garments I would touch,
Speak those words unto my soul,
"For thy faith has made thee whole."

"HE LOVED THEM TO THE END."

What wond'rous love and grace divine
Through all His earthly actions shine,
Our Saviour and our Friend!
That having loved His own below,
The record of His life will show
He loved them to the end.

He loved them, though by one denied,
He loved them, e'en when crucified
On the accursed tree;
Though bruised, and put to open shame,
Yet, blessed be His holy name!
His love was full and free.

Though crowned as glorious King and Lord,
By Heaven's seraphic hosts adored,
He now is glorified;

Yet from that radiant home above
Flows down His deep and endless love,
For those for whom He died.

What precious thought, we can record
The same sweet lesson from His word,
That He is still our friend;
We are His own, bought with His blood,
Washed in its healing, cleansing flood,
He loves us to the end.

Miscellaneous

Poems.

Miscellaneous Poems.

ODE ON LAYING OF CORNER-STONE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, COLUMBIA, S. C.

I

Great Architect of all,
Who built this temple home,
And reared the mighty dome,
Which, arched o'er sea and land,
On pillared mountains stand,
To Thee we call!

II

The vaulted sky of blue,
With all its countless stars,
Inlaid by skill divine,
Where, through the live-long night,
They flash their wond'rous light,
And beam and shine;
The coming morn with roseate hue
Shot through the silver bars,
Which guard the eastern gate,
Where nature's priests await
To offer sacrifice;
The dome at midday, filled with radiance bright,
Caught from Thy trailing robe of dazzling light;

The golden curtain and the purple pall,
Which from the hand of evening gently fall,
 As daylight dies,
Proclaim the power and skill
Which all Thy temple fill.

III

Earth robed in green;
Each lovely flower, which in the day lifts up,
With incense filled, its sparkling jewelled cup;
Each tangled thicket, where the sweet song bird
From radiant morn till sombre eve is heard;
The valley cool, the burnished sun-crowned hill;
The rushing river, and the laughing rill;

 These form a part
Of that same temple grand
Built by Thy hand,
 Where each pure heart
 In heavenly dream,
May catch a vision of Thy face,
 Serene and fair,
And see the glory of Thy grace
 Beyond compare.

IV

We, too, dear Lord, Thy creatures,
 In Thy image made;
Though, now, but faint and dim,
And hidden much by sin,

The glory of Thy features,
Like a spark,
Shines through the dark
Of some thick shade;
We, too, a house to Thee would build,
A temple home,
Where Thou wouldst come,
And to our waiting hearts make known
The love which in the blessed Saviour shone,
And let its walls with grace be filled.
To Thee we bend—
Oh, may our prayer
Like incense sweet,
An offering meet,
Up through the air,
To Thee ascend!

V

When Thy dear Son was here in mortal frame,
A young man, seeking truth, unto Him came
To learn how he might gain eternal life,
And find repose from earthly care and strife;
And it is written: "Him did Jesus love,"
And tried to lure his heart to things above.
We, too, with hand and heart and tongue
His blessed work would try to imitate,
And from the early morn till evening late
Would seek to win from death and sin the young.

Upon this spot we found
A home, where we may bring
From haunts of vice around
The young to serve their King;
Here may His love be felt!
Here may His mercy melt!
Here may His praises ring!

VI

The middle-aged have habits fixed and strong,
'Tis hard to change them, whether right or wrong.
The old have spent their day,
Have walked along life's way,
And now the shadows fall;
Beneath the sun
Their work is done.
They wait the Master's call,
With glow of life's fair morn,
Caught from the early dawn
In stalwart ranks and strong,
The young pass swift along.
Eternal Father! save our young men now;
On Thee we call this day, to Thee we bow!
For some walk now in sin,
With hearts consumed by fire
Of sensual low desire,
With wine-cup-clouded brain,
And blood which through each vein

Runs thick with death,
And quick hot breath
 Aflame with hellish lust,
With forms that maudling reel along
Amid life's busy, pressing throng,
 Or grovel in the dust,
Until they pause too late
To knock at close barred gate,
 But cannot enter in.

VII

Thou blessed Son of God! the Crucified!
Thou art the Corner-Stone, so true and tried,
 On which we here would build
 A manhood pure and grand,
Not on the sinking sand,
But Christ the solid rock,
Secure from tempest's shock,
Where beating wind and rain
Will rage and sweep in vain.
And in its mighty walls,
Fashioned in wond'rous halls,
From solid base up to its sky-lit dome,
Would place with care full many a precious stone,
 Whose lustre bright,
 Aglow with light
Caught from the skies above,
Would show to all a home,

A temple spirit-filled,
Where resting in the Lord,
Abiding in His Word,
Dwell Faith and Hope and Love.

TRIFLES.

I

In a legend quaint of the olden days
There's a lesson for you and me,
Where it teaches the Goddess Love was born
From the foaming spray of the sea.

II

In the lightest words, which are but as foam,
There is hidden a mighty power,
Which will brighten with love each passing day,
Or will shadow each growing hour.

III

From the smallest deeds which are daily done
There is fashioned a human life,
Where we gather a fruitage rich and rare,
Or a harvest of hate and strife.

IV

From the lightest words and the smallest deeds,
We are making a heav'n or hell,
For the moments shape the eternal years,
And the tree will lie as it fell.

"INASMUCH."

PROLOGUE.—A child was sent to school to-day bare-footed through the sleet and snow, thermometer registering 10 degrees. There are homes destitute of both fuel and food? An old negro man was found dead, frozen in the snow.

The dear Lord came to school to-day,
As a child of want and care,
His quivering lips were blue and chill
And His frozen feet were bare;
I wonder why there were none to know
His form in this lowly guise,
And give Him shoes for His naked feet
From their warm and full supplies.

The dear Lord sat with mother love
Shot through with the threads of woe,
And looked with a gaze of dull despair
On the falling, drifting snow;
No chip to burn on the empty hearth,
Not a crust nor crumb to eat,
And His tattered clothes were frozen stiff
From the touch of snow and sleet.

The dear Lord, weak from want and pain,
Lay down in the street to die.
They found Him stiff on the frozen earth
As the daylight flushed the sky.

His face looked dark on the drifted snow
As they roughly turned His head.
It passed around on the street all day,
"They had found a black man dead."

I wonder why that none did care
For His lack of wood and bread,
That none of His own did think to see
If their Lord was warm and fed.
I wonder more, in this Christian town,
They would let the Master die,
And lay all night in the dull sad light
Of a dreary winter sky.

You turn from words that burn and sting,
And call them a fable wild,
Of a woman poor, of a dead black man,
Of a shiv'ring, barefoot child.
But the Lord will tell each careless one
When His judgment throne we see,
"Inasmuch as ye did it not to them,
Then ye did it not to me."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE."

So the glad Christmas time has returned; what a
lie!
It is strange you should bring me such news,

For I doubt if the Christ has come back from on
high

Since the day he was killed by the Jews—
And I know, if He lives in the women and men
Who confess they are Christians to-day,
That it matters but little to me and to Ben
If He never comes nearer our way.

You remember Ben's father—we laid him to rest
In the grave on the side of the hill.
It is warm, though 'tis dark, and my man has
the best,

For my room is both gloomy and chill.
Though we never had much, yet of need there
was none,

Just as long as his hands could provide;
But the light faded out from my heart and my
home

Since the time that he wasted and died.

Oh, the week that has gone, how we shivered in
rags

As we begged all the day on the street,
And slept in the night on the course frozen bags
Which we wore in the rain and the sleet—

And I wonder, if down in the home of the lost,
Where these warm covered Christians will go,
If they would not be glad for a few days of frost,
And a drop in the climate below.

How we stood, Ben and I, at each half-open
door!

Just to see how the dollars they spent,
While they had not a nickle to give to the poor,
Nor for beggars not even a cent.
And I whispered the story of Dives of old
Of his riches so quickly bereft,
And thought if his hell would be able to hold
All the brothers and sisters he left.

And, to-day, if you go where these church mem-
bers live,
You will find there enough and to spare,
With the gifts that each one to the others will
give,
And the tables with bountiful fare;
With the candies and fruit, with the cakes and
the wine—
All too good for a beggar, you see;
And yet they will say that the Christ-child divine
Comes and lives in them, loving and free.

But we think, Ben and I, we have got it down
fine,
If the Christ, who lived here with the poor,
Comes again to the earth at each glad Christmas
time,
He has changed from his manners of yore;

For He comes not to children of want and of sin,
Who are needing His love and His grace;
But He goes where the rich ones will welcome
Him in,
And stays at the best furnished place.

Ah, the velvets and silks, with the ribbons and
lace,
You will see in the churches to-day;
And the tons of red coal that will heat up each
place—

For God's saints must be warm when they pray.
And the preacher will tell with his tones soft and
low

From the rich food on which he has fed,
How the Christ-child was born in the arms of
the poor,

And was placed on a hard manger bed.

And the anthems will rise as the great organs
play—

It is easy to worship by note—
And the money bags pass in a slow, measured way
For the gifts for the King and His court.
When the eyes of their fellows their gifts can
behold

Full of pride will these Pharisees be,
As they drop in their pieces of silver and gold—
But there's nothing for Ben and for me.

Not a scuttle of coal, not an armful of wood,
Not a crust on the bare earthen dish;
And I think of the Christ who is loving and good
In those homes where they have all they wish,
For the rich and the great it is Christmas again,
For their Christ has come down from the sky;
But for Ben and for me, in our hunger and pain,
Why the Christmas is only a lie!

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

(LAKE CITY, S. C., Feb. 21-22, 1898.)

I

Where sleeps the sword? Is righteous justice dead,
That murder foul should raise its brazen head,
And unavenged stalk boldly through the land,
And proudly raise on high its blood-dyed hand,
While we, with honor gone, and draggled name,
Sit like a wanton in our naked shame?

II

Ah God! that we should live to see this day
When truth and right and love are filched away;
While where our fathers ruled with gentle grace
Thugs and assassins now must take their place,
And devils darker than the damned of hell
Do their accursed deeds and murders fell.

III

The sucking child killed on its mother's breast,
While loving arms in vain are round it pressed,
Falls from the shattered hands which could not
save,

And mocking fiends provide a fiery grave.
The father dumb in death beside it lies,
While crackling flames to pitying heaven rise.

IV

And timid girls, who but an hour before
Were sleeping safe behind the bolted door,
Half crazed with fright, and blind with smarting
pain,

Fly in the darkness from the leaden rain;
And brush and thicket in the gray morn tell
How all along their path the red drops fell.

V

No Turkish blade, that stabs the unborn child,
Nor Spanish blood-hound, baying fierce and wild,
More cruel is than those who wrought this crime
Beneath the shadows of the Southern pine—
To brand our State to ages yet unborn
The object of a just man's righteous scorn.

VI

And, what their crime for which such judgment
came?

Ah! tell it not, to blazon forth our shame;

But with their murd'ers' mem'ry let it rot,
A cursed tale, a thing to be forgot—
A dusky color was their only sin,
And all their guilt the blackness of their skin.

VII

Men of our State, how long shall deeds like this
Give us a name at which the nations hiss?
I plead the cause of that long faithful race,
Whose loyal service time can ne'er efface,
Who, while their masters battled at the fore,
Kept want and famine from each Southern door.

VIII

Near where the Saltkehatchie winds its way
Through tangled glades of cypress and of bay,
There is a lonely mound, half hid from sight,
Where tall reeds rustle through each summer
 night,
And resting there, within that humble grave,
Sleeps one most dear to me, though but a slave—

IX

My Mauma, she who nursed me when a boy,
And counted nothing hard which gave me joy.
My foster-mother. Ah! her love was strong—
Nor can I silent be while hellish wrong
Smites down her race with shot and torch and rack,
And mocks their cries because their skins are black.

X

I plead for justice! If our State should fail,
And all her righteous power cannot avail
To sink this shame, then far across our land,
To where our nation's council chambers stand,
I cry, "How long in this great land so free
Will ye permit such wrongs as this to be?"

XI

Enthroned on high, Thou God of truth and
right,
Must sin like this pollute Thy holy sight?
To Thee I cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long,"
Wilt Thou permit to pass such fearful wrong?
Fair justice dies, cut down by sinful might.
Arise, oh God! and in Thine anger smite.

FOR GOD AND STATE.

I

Oh! men of Carolina, will ye stand,
While baleful passions waste the fairest land
God ever made?
While, high enthroned, the lustful greed for gold
Makes wanton hands grow treacherous and bold,
To sell those rights for which our sires of old
Their life blood paid?

II

The Lares and Penates, which they brought,
Our household Gods, alas! are now as naught—

Peace, honor, truth—

Their altars on our hearthstones dimly glow,
No votive off'rings as in days of yore,
Their oracles seem hushed forevermore
By vandal ruth.

III

Peace once among us deep and restful dwelt,
Peace in each heart and in each home was felt,

Peace true and fair;

Peace reaching from our myrtle-scented shores
To where the mountain stream its waters pours,
Peace through our midlands where the pine
breath blows—

Peace everywhere.

IV

Honor was spotless, bright the argent shield,
Stainless the flashing blade each hand did wield

For home and State.

A man was then a man, no suppliant he,
His fame was won by actions bold and free,
No fawning words, no supple bending knee
At Honor's gate.

V

Truth, crowned as queen, held gentle sway o'er
all,
In humblest cot, in proudest marble hall,
Throughout the land.
No tongue, aflame "with cunning sparks of hell,"
Would slanderous tale about a neighbor tell,
But kindly hearts would reach to him who fell
The helping hand.

VI

Not changed our State, not changed our glorious
State!
Divinely dowered, few can with her mate—
Our men are changed;
Unworthy children of a grand old race,
What scores have fallen from the lofty place,
On which with kingly power and priestly grace
Our fathers ranged.

VII

Gaze on our homeland, 'tis a goodly sight,
Her verdant landscapes framed in lustrous light,
Her rivers grand;
Her hills and valley rich in golden grain,
Her silver harvests from each fertile plain,
Where rice and cotton, royal consorts, reign—
God's favored land.

VIII

Once we were one, like brothers true and tried,
Nor thought that ruthless hand could e'er divide
 With sword and pen;
For all in common held the knightly creed,
To live in kindness, where they disagreed,
Nor fail in courtesy for selfish greed;
 True gentlemen.

IX

A thousand mem'ries bind us to the past,
Like bands of steel which must forever last
 From age to age.
For well I know, the wrong will yet come right,
When truth shall rise in all her matchless might,
And honor win from death, in glorious fight,
 Our heritage.

X

Since that red time, when England's war-like
 fame
We smote as stubble with a sword of flame,
 Long years have sped;
When Sumter's band and Marion's gallant men
Drove back invaders from each field and fen;
And glory's rays, as brightly now as then,
 Rest on our dead.

XI

And years have passed, since 'mid Virginia's
 snows,
The men of Lee and Jackson swept our foes
 Like driving chaff;
Since in the West the battle cry was heard
Of Johnston's men, who naught of danger feared,
Who through the smoke of carnage charged and
 cheered
 With shout and laugh.

XII

Our countless dead! they sleep in glory's grave,
From mountain top to where the murmuring wave
 Chants requiem low.
Our dead! they fought as brothers side by side,
Face to the foe, as brothers, too, they died,
In life, in death, naught could their hearts divide,
 Long years ago.

XIII.

Oh! men, and brothers, yet despite your strife,
'Tis time to lead a better, kindlier life;
 Our dead were one,
And we who live, the guardians of their fame,
Shall we, false heartéd, do them open shame
By strife o'er graves, where they so long have lain
 In rest well won?

XIV

Shall bitter hate and eager love of self,
Shall office seekers, hungry after pelf,
 Debauch our State?
Shall we, like driven slaves, be bought and sold
To line some pretty statesman's purse with gold?
While scheming demagogues forever hold
 Our children's fate.

XV

Brothers united, in each coming fray,
Let deeds attest your faith, vote as you pray,
 Keep honor bright.
God-fearing men, are those to rule our land,
Men who are pure in heart and clean of hand,
Who know their duty and who fearless stand
 For truth and right.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

I

On the granite hills which tower
 O'er the rapid, rushing tide,
Where the Broad, with murmured pledges,
 Greets Saluda as his bride;
Where the mingling of the waters
 In their union full and free

Give an offspring bold and mighty,
In the tawney Congaree.

II

On these hills now warm and burnished
With the glow of summer skies,
There "The Pride of State and City"
Meets the glance of loving eyes;
Where our fathers wrought and builded,
There our college proudly stands,
And her pillared halls are sacred
With the touch of vanished hands.

III

It was here that Maxcy guided
To the realms of higher thought,
It was here the glorious Barnwell
All his mental treasures brought,
It was here that Preston lectured
With his golden tongue aflame,
It was here that Thornwell added
To these walls his deathless fame.

IV

Lo, her sons! they start with Harper,
One without reproach or shame,
Whom we rise to hold in reverence
At the mention of his name,

And from then till now her children
Have been leaders of the State,
Winning glory from disaster,
Beating down the bars of fate.

V

Not from piles of sculptured marble,
Though her halls are fair to see,
Will her fame be spread in story
In the ages yet to be;
But the one who writes her hist'ry,
Will inscribe with burning pen,
How she carved her noblest records
In the lives of noble men.

VI

Let the hostile hand be palsied
That would tear her pillars down!
And the breath of judgment wither
All who smirch her fair renown!
By a thousand sacred mem'ries
She is wedded to the State,
And for glory or dishonor
Each must share the self-same fate.

VII

But I see a glorious vision
Springing from the days to be,

When our schools of learning, scattered
From the mountain to the sea,
Shall be nursing mothers for her,
Sending hundreds to her halls;
And the things which now divide us,
Be as ruined leveled walls.

VIII

As these hill tops cast their shadows
In the river winding near,
So her glory will be mirrored
In each swiftly passing year;
While her children's deeds of greatness
Round her form their light will shed,
Always gath'ring added brightness
From the lustre of her dead.

GLADSTONE.

I

Mother of heroes, land of mighty men,
Each age some fair renown of sword or pen
Has added lustre to thy glorious name,
And placed some jewel in thy crown of fame.
Till now, whate'er thy future lot may be,
Among the nations, none is like to thee.

II

Ah England! grief profound is thine to-day,
The noblest of thy sons has passed away.
"Hawarden's grand old man," illustrious sage,
The purest, wisest statesman of the age,
Few on his level, none above him stand,
Greatest among them all in thy great land.

III

A king uncrowned, though prince by right divine,
A royal man sprung from no royal line;
No surpliced priest nor mitred bishop he,
Yet preacher of that truth which makes one free,
He ruled the hearts of all with humble grace,
And stood a prophet-king for every race.

IV

Leader of England's councils, great yet just;
In coming years the shrine which holds his dust
Will be a sacred spot, where oft will stand
Unnumbered pilgrims drawn from every land,
Who come to bring the heart's best love for one
Who wrought much good for all, but injured none.

V

Nor less renowned in wisdom's rich domain,
A prince among his fellows did he reign;
Acute of thought, yet simple as a child,
By naught of false philosophy beguiled.

In all of science deep, God's hand was plain;
For him to live was Christ, to die was gain.

VI

Sad England's loss, for who of all her band
Can take the work left by his master hand?
Great they may be, not one like he is left,
For in his death all England is bereft;
The queen in state, the peasant in his cot,
All in their grief share now one common lot.

VII

Nor yet in English hearts alone, to-day
Will sombre sorrow hold her sable sway,
Nor only there, from eyes with grief grown dim,
Will burning teardrops sadly fall for him;
In every land will loving tears be shed,
And all the world will mourn for Gladstone dead.

LITTLE MAY.

I

Oh! I sometimes get so weary
Gath'ring naught but wither'd flow'rs
On Life's pathway, that I turn me
Back again to childhood's hours;—

And I think of her, who bless'd me
With a love, which even yet
Burns with purer, brighter lustre,
Than all others I have met.

II

Even now I well remember,
Tired oft with boyish glee,
I would hunt my chair, and place it
Close beside my mother's knee—
Then upon some chair or table
I would toss my dusty cap,
While my head would sink and nestle
Quickly down upon her lap.

III

She would tell me of my sister,
Little May with golden hair,
Laughing eyes of deepest azure,
And a brow so wond'rous fair,
That they call'd her household angel—
But her form is mould'ring now,
Where the sunshine pours in showers
Through the willows drooping bough.

IV

Then beside my mother kneeling,
With her hand upon my head,
She would pray, my lips repeating,
That dear prayer so often said,

"Now I lay me ," and when ended,
She would fold me to her breast,
Kiss my cheek, then gently lay me
In my trundle bed to rest.

V

Now the softest notes are silent
In that almost music-prayer,
For it seem'd like angel whisp'rings,
When my mother breath'd it there.
It hast lost its "linked sweetness",
Yet I know not what has chang'd;
Though, perhaps, a sinful nature
Has its melody estrang'd.

VI

For, they say, the change we witness
In our childhood's faith and truth
Is the dim reflected image
Of a wild and wasted youth;
And that why we hear no music,
When the breath of holy things
Steals across the Harp of Feeling,
Is because of tuneless strings.

VII

I am chang'd, I know, I feel it,
Care has mark'd my manhood's brow;
And my heart, once warm and guileless,
Has grown cold and sinful now—

Yet I trust that in the future,
Waiting somewhere yet for me,
Halcyon days are weaving brightness
Round my path from joys-to-be.

VIII

With a baby-sister waiting
In that home of light above,
And my path through life surrounded
By a mother's gentle love,
In my soul a strong hope rises
That I cannot live in vain,
That the prayers of childhood, gather'd,
Yet must yield some precious grain.

IX

I have heard, that when the angels
Guide us to the other shore,
If the heart be pure and sinless,
We may live our childhood o'er;
And, perchance, I yet may wander
To that land so far away,
And behold amid its bright ones
Darling sister, little May.

X

I believe she will be resting
On my mother's bosom there,
And I know I won't be jealous,
But I'll hunt my little chair.

I will place it by my mother,
As I did in gone-by days,
And will listen to the music
Of my sister's 'prattling praise.

TO FATHER AND MOTHER ON THEIR GOLDEN
WEDDING DAY.

I

In the dear old home where your children meet,
On your golden wedding day,
We would send the deepest, warmest love
From two who are far away.
And when you gather at evening-tide
To talk of the years now gone,
In the tenderest thoughts the heart can think
We will gather with you at home.

II

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

There were days so bright with happy joys,
They have left their sunny rays,
Like the after-glow of evening skies
In the quiet summer days.
And you sometimes sit in the twilight grey,
And talk of the golden past,
And sigh (with the love-light still on your face)
That it could not always last.

III

There were times when the shades of trouble fell
 So darkly on your way,
You would wonder hard if life would bring
 Another happy day.
But the troubles fled and left you still
 With a life so richly blest,
Your hearts would rise to the loving One
 Who gives His children rest.

IV

There were children eleven—God's blessed gifts,
 Who came to the dear old home,
And twined their lives with the deepest love
 Around and about your own.
There were baby smiles and prattling tones
 And the patter of childish feet,
'Till you thought no life could be too long
 With blessings half so sweet.

V

But once, and again, and yet twice more,
 Four times in all, Death came,
And left you a home that was reft of joy,
 And hearts that were full of pain;
And now, as you count the treasures o'er,
 Which God to you had given,
There are seven living yet on earth,
 And four are up in Heaven.

VI

Dear patient hearts! your lives have been
A changing, varied scene,
With shifting shadows darkly mixed,
And the light thrown in between.
But through it all your hopes were stayed
On the eternal One,
And you thank Him now for the life still yours
And the labor almost done.

VII

For fifty years you two have walked
Life's journey, side by side,
And you feel that a love and hearts thus joined
There is nothing can divide;
For you look away from your earthly home,
With its mem'ries sad and bright
To another home and another life
In a world of endless light.

VIII

On your golden wedding day, we pray
That the grace of God the Son,
And the Father's love, with the Spirit's gift
May abide on us every one.
And, one by one, when the time shall come,
Which God in His love sees best,
May we gather safe in the home above
In the land of endless rest!

FIRE-SIDE DREAMS; PICTURES FROM MEMORY.
MY MOTHER.

I

The busy world has stopped its stir and strife,
The blackness of the night broods over all;
Sweet sleep, like death, has hushed the din of life,
And nature rests beneath her sable pall.

The children, tired with books, are all abed;
The wife and mother clasps the sleeping babe;
On downy pillow sinks each weary head
And laughing eyes are closed with silken shade.

The little feet have ceased their tramping round,
Each merry voice has hushed its boisterous glee,
And through the empty halls no echoing sound
Floats on the slumb'rous silence faint to me.

I sit alone with scattered books beside,
The lamp is out, and on the darkened walls
The fitful light from out the fire-place wide,
In phantom figures quickly flames and falls.

The drowsing hours wrap me in soft embrace,
And from its home of flesh my soul steals forth,
And hindered by no bars of time or place
Speeds back the track of years its joyful course.

II

Ah me! how sweet to be a child again,
And wander gladly through the dearest home
E'er built by human hands on God's fair earth,
Once more a gentle face, and softest eyes
Look down with mother-love into my own.
Once more I hear what oft through weary years
I vainly longed to hear, my mother's voice;
Not angel song, I think, could sweeter be;
Nor angels, striking on their golden harps,
Could richer music make than that dear voice.
I thought that in some distant sunlit land
My mother's face was framed in aureole light,
Like all the saints whose pictures I have seen.
But, oh! thank God, I see it here again,
The same dear face I knew in gone-by days—
And all these years I thought her gentle tones
Were mingling in the alleluias grand,
That rise and fall before the great White Throne;
But clear and sweet, like sound of tinkling bell,
They float upon the balmy air to me.
Once more I feel the pressure of her hand,
As in its loving clasp I wander forth,
And trusting, go where e'er my mother leads.
They told me that these hands were beckoning
 hands
Held out for me from off the Jasper Walls,
But now, again, they come as guiding hands,

To lead my stumbling feet along the narrow path,
Which, through the ever growing light of love,
Mounts upward to the blessed smile of God.
Dear mother, come and sit beside your boy,
And while I kneel down on my little chair,
Oh guide my words to say the same sweet prayer
I often said at close of every day;
Then fold me in your arms, and lay me down
To happy dreams upon my trundle bed;
And tuck the coverlid with lingering touch
About my form, then, mother, kiss my brow,
And let thy precious smile, like Heaven's own
light,
Rest on me as I close my eyes in sleep.

III

There is many a love which we hasten to greet
From the cradle-bed down to the grave;
But wherever we go we will find none so sweet,
Although faithful and true are the friends whom
we meet,
As the love which our own mother gave.

There are streams of affection, so sparkling and
strong,
As they flow by the side of life's way,
That the flowers will bloom where they murmur
along

With the low rippling notes of a lullaby song
In the light of each swift-passing day.

But there's never a stream will run on to the end
Like the one from a fond mother's breast;
For that fountain, unfailing, its current will send
Through the hatred of foe, and the falseness of
friend,
Till the loved one is laid to her rest.

Though God's Fatherhood works in each one of
our race,
At his birth, in His power and might,
Yet His Motherhood comes in the travail of grace,
Where the Blessed One dies on the cross in our
place,
As He bringeth redemption to light.

And this Motherhood love, as it went forth from
Him,
May be seen yet on earth all the while,
Though its brightness is blurred by the shadows
of sin,
And the veil of the flesh makes it misty and dim,
Still it shines in each true mother's smile.

THE BIRTH OF LIGHT.

Far back in primal ages, out of nought
Save His almighty power, God did speak
This won'drous world of our's into being.
Her grand foundations quarried by His skill
From depths chaotic, He had fixed secure.
No mystic ritual did celebrate
The laying of her massive corner-stone.
Spectators none—in solitude sublime—
In darkness deep, in silence all profound,
The mighty architect His work performed.
Beneath the plastic power of His hand
All things, from first to last, in order grew
And at His touch eternal forms of grace
And beauty started forth to deck our world.
Complete at last the hidden fabric stood,
With mountain domes and granite spires, enwrapt
In murky folds of night, which curtained yet
The secret workings of Omnipotence.
“Let there be light,” God said, and there was
light.
The inner chambers of His being, where
Through ages past eternal glory dwelt,
Now yielded up their riches. Light streamed
forth,
Star flashed with answering ray to twinkling star,
And sun responsive wheeled to circling sun.

Light-blazed and warmed, and energized and
blazed,

And on the new made world strange glory poured
Until the sons of God, in strains sublime,
Sang earth's baptism in the radiant glory
Of their own abode.

"Let there be light," God spake, and it was done.
The self-approving smile of Infinite
Perfection beamed on works He saw were good.

"Let there be light," Life's golden words to
earth,

When first they broke that darkness, in whose
womb

Concealed an infant world lay yet unborn;
From then we date her true, her real birth.
Beneath the sculptor's hand some matchless form
Of beauty grows from out an uncouth mass
Until it stands a masterpiece of art,
With shape symmetric and proportion fair,
And, yet, on such a work we gaze, half sad
That in a form so perfect Life is not.

Light is the soul which makes a living world;
It robes with mantle green the barren rocks,
It tips with colors bright each flower that blooms,
And paints, with artist touch, God's radiant bow
Of promise on the canvas of the clouds.

It sparkles in the sunbeams, as they dance
In circling mazes o'er the ruffled lake,

It twinkles in the star rays, as they peep
With wistful glances from their far-off homes,
It dyes the orient dawn with roseate hues,
Its whiteness shimmers in the midday air;
It bathes in golden waves the western hills—
Godlike in character, in essence pure,—
It vivifies; it beautifies the earth.
But all that glory, which the "Let there be"
Of God threw over earth, was but the voice
Preparing then the way for greater things;
That trinity of light, that triple life—
Love, knowledge, and religion—which must shine
On human nature, if it reach its goal.
Our life must have the light of love to shine
Upon the budding feelings of the heart,
Or bloom and fragrance will be wanting there,
And it will lack of sweetness unto men.
Our life must have the light of knowledge
For the mind to shape its great conceptions
Into truths sublime, and mould from these
Those deeds which win a heritage of fame,
Or it will lack of strength to guard its own.
While over all, the heart as well as mind,
Religion's holy rays must fall to cleanse
Both thought and feeling from the dross of earth,
Or life will lack of holiness to God.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

What holy feelings should inspire the soul,
How pure should be the thoughts of him who
sings

Of love, that old, old song, which always new,
Some heart is singing to another heart.

Profane it not with names of earth-born lust
And sensual desire, nor wed its high
Significance to meanings low and base.

Enshrined within the human breast there is
An inner sanctuary of the soul's

Best feelings, where our life's Shekinah burns.

To enter in that sacred place, all vain

And foolish thoughts must first be laid aside;

White-robed and purified must be the heart's

High priest or priestess, who would stand before

That light, which there sheds holy rays around.

Happy the one, who thus can enter in,

Who hears the thrilling words, "Let there be
light,"

Break on the darkness which has wrapped his
life,

And feels that now, henceforth, and evermore,

His soul will walk in brightness to the end.

Unloved and loving no one, human life

Is but the marble statue, in whose form

The spirit breathes not, or some massive pile

Cut from Siberian iceberg in the North,

Where domes and fluted shafts, and arches grand
Glint back the frozen rays of polar sun,
Fair for the dazzled eye to look upon,
But oh! how cold and numbing to the touch.
Unloved and loving no one, human life
Is narrowed to the petty sphere of self,
Like archer's arrow, featherless, it may
Make upward flight, but cannot pierce the cross,
Or win the golden prize of happiness.

True life begins, when love has warmed the
heart,

A two-fold life, a mystic twain in one,
Wherein we cannot tell which one is self;
A life in which the me is lost in thee,
And when the rule by which we judge each word
And deed reads, "I am not my own but thine;"
The warm caress of lips, where kisses soft
In playful ambush wait the welcome foe,
The glance, which from the depths of love-lit
eyes

Looks forth, and then retires in swift afright
Behind the silken fringe of dainty lids,
The ling'ring pressure of the captive hand,
And speaking clasp of fingers interlaced,
The smiles, which chase each other hide-and-
seek

Like truant sunbeams o'er the dimpled cheek,
Then fade, like evening light, in blushes soft;

These are indeed sweet gifts, which love bestows,
And, yet, by these we cannot measure love.
True, Love not only strews our life with flowers,
But teaches us to bravely meet its care,
And, in the calm discharge of dainty tasks,
Brings many a joy we wot not of.
Together, side by side, walking life's road,
Doing life's work, dividing joys and cares,
Their hearts increased in charity to God,
And man, how blessed is the lot of those
On whom the gentle light of Love doth shine!

THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Heart-light indeed is sweet, for dark and cold
Would be our life without its cheering rays.
But, if upon the mind no radiance falls,
And feelings only are illumined, then life
Grows warped, and smouldering passions sway
the breast.
True manhood rests in reason; instinct prompts
To wanton amours in the savage brute;
But love will fade, and true affection die
When wisdom's rays beam not upon the man.
Feeling is but Mazeppa's Tartar steed,
Which bears its helpless rider, lashed and bound,
Through arid, barren wastes, a hunted wretch,

But, curbed by reason's hand, the gallant barb
Which knows his master's will, as to the goal
He swiftly brings him with exulting spring.
Knowledge and Love are here in circle joined,
The supplement and complement of life;
Each in itself is incomplete, both form
The arc, which spans the hemisphere of time.
Those thrilling words of life, "Let there be
light,"

Must also mark the genesis of mind.
And, yet, it differs from the birth of love.
It is a rising not a bursting forth.
In dewy morn, when brooding darkness still
Is on the deep, it is a glorious thing
For one to stand upon the sandy beach,
With nothing but the murm'ring rush of waves
To fret the silence all around, and gaze
Across the ocean for the coming light.
The veil of mist, which night hung o'er the
earth,
Is slowly drawn aside by unseen hands,
Low down a trembling smile of shimm'ring light
Plays on the waters, like the splendor soft
Which bathes a jeweled cup, when mellow wine
From Scio's purple grapes foams o'er the brim.
The fleecy clouds, which fleck the eastern skies,
Seem floating in a sea of molten gold,
Then, upward, flashes bright ride swiftly forth

To herald far the coming of the "King
Of Day." A beauty not of earth steals down;
The sun is lifted from the briny deep,
And like the glance of the Eternal, floods
All nature with its vivifying light.
Yet this is but a picture faint of all
That brightness and that glory, which the Sun
Of Knowledge ushers in upon the mind.
There is a mental darkness 'neath whose shades
The dormant powers of intellect are held
In slumbers deep, while o'er the listless thoughts
The misty veil of ignorance is drawn.
Let Light be born of Knowledge, and a change,
As great as day from night, in nature's realm,
Breaks on the man. A hazy brightness first
With sombre warp and web of sunny threads,
Then here a flash, and there a straggling beam,
Thoughts yawn, and mental powers stretch, till
like

A burst of sunshine on a full roused man,
Some rising truth beams in upon the mind.
Life grows transfigured, and we seem to talk
With spirits from above. As men of old
Who on some mountain top conversed with God,
And came again to men with features bright
With glory caught from Uncreated Light;
So is it with man, who, face to face,
Communes with truth. His life grows luminous,

Itself light-giving, as he gently moves
Among the sons of men, who wond'ring gaze
At one, in whom Light always seems to dwell—
Oh doubly blest is he! whose life is warm
With love, and bright with intellectual light.

THE LIGHT OF RELIGION.

But earthly love and knowledge cannot fill
The soul of man, nor satisfy its wants.
He craves a life which they can never give.
If man were all of earth and naught of heav'n,
Then earth could make provision for her own.
His higher nature came from God Himself,
And He alone can satisfy its vast desires.
He feeds on husks, who lives upon the things
Of earth, and starves himself with food of swine.
God's image still looks forth from fallen man,
Though marred by sin it still is dimly traced.
Within the most depraved there still remains
Enough of the Divine to make them feel
Unsatisfied with earth and earthly things.
Creation's aim is God in man, and man
In God: the highest blessedness of both
Is found in such a two-fold life as this.
The human and Divine in wedlock joined
Must be creation's masterpiece;
Not by the apotheosis of man,

As Pagan hope and culture vainly taught,
But by the incarnation of the God.
Christ came for this. He bridged the gulf.
In Him true God and man in union dwelt,
The model man, and yet creation's Lord.
Christ is the Light which came into the world,
That Light which shines upon the night of sin,
Drives darkness from the soul and gently leads
Unfinished human nature to its goal.
Blackness of sin! oh, what a fearful thing!
For man to sit within its murky gloom,
And battle with the doubts and fears, which
 haunt
The mould'ring ruins of his wasted life.
Say! can there be a darker hell than this?
False Love avaunt. Thy passions stab the soul
With torture deep; and thy unbridled lusts
Like serpents crawl and writhe and hiss and
 sting.
Knowledge betake thyself to regions far;
Leave not a single ray to light the mind;
The stupor of the brute would be a boon!
Man thought that thou hadst changed him to a
 God,
The radiant vestment of thy light seemed like
A king's apparel: now the fatal robe
Of Hercules would be a sweet relief
To thine accursed gift. To live a God

Is glorious, but it is the crown of woes
To die a God. Darkness that may be felt
Comes down, while vampire ghosts of misspent
hours

Drag slow their loathsome wings across the life,
And foul the soul with slime of filthy things,
Until around, beneath, above, within,
Which ever way one turns is hell itself.
Again those living words, "Let there be Light;"
And from the skies above there seems to fall
A soften'd splendor on the trembling heart.
A voice is heard, that voice which in the towns
Of Gallilee, and in Judea's wilds,
Did shape the wisdom and the grace of God
In loving simple words of human speech.
The voice of Jesus bids the soul "come forth,"
And out of darkness into light it comes.
A change comes over life; it stretches out
In length, in breadth, in height; it stronger
grows

To clamber up the rugged steeps of truth;
It sweeter grows to lose itself in love,
It purer grows to link itself with God.
Thrice blessed is the man upon whose lot
The Triple Light, Religion, Knowledge, Love,
Doth shine. Within is light, without is light,
And from above the smile of God beams down.
Higher and higher still he upward climbs,

While from each lofty height he shouts aloud
To those who sit in darkness far below,
"The morning dawns." Higher and higher still,
Till at the top of earthly life he stands;
And then, in faith sublime, communes with God,
And waits the Master's call to enter in
That perfect life, where he shall ever dwell
A Son of God, a glorious Child of Light.

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